L. P. Fisher

WOODLAND STANDARD.

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, San Francisco, Cal. NO. 2

VOL. I — WOODLAND, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

ADVERTISING RATES:

Per Square, first insertion.....$1 00
Subsequent insertions.....50
Regular advertisements, 1 column, per mo.....12 00
" " ½ " " " 7 00
" " ¼ " " " 4 00
Professional Cards, per month.....1 00
Local Notices, per line, first insertion.....10
Subsequent insertions.....05

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Woodland, Cal.

Office over Mack Webber's Drug Store. Residence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak Avenues.

mar15

W. T. LUCAS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Mack Webber's Drug Store, Main Street, WOODLAND, CAL.

mar16

E. L. PARRAMORE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at Elston & White's Drug Store. Residence, Fourth Street, WOODLAND, CAL.

W. E. FIFIELD,

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PROfessional calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

W. H. ROBINSON,

DENTIST.

Office and residence, SUISUN. Will be in Winters one-fourth of his time. ap5

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

ED. MARSHALL. J. CRAIG. W. H. GRANT.

MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Special attention to Patent Suits and Probate Cases. Excelsior Block, Woodland.

W. T. BELL, M. D.,

[University of Pennsylvania.]

H. R. BELL, M. D.,

[University of Maryland.]

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

Office at Drug Store, WINTERS, Yolo County, Cal.

DR. J. C. COOPER,

DENTIST.

OFFICE IN OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, WINTERS.

Gold Fillings, average size.....$2.00
Silver Fillings.....1.50

The Best Set of Teeth, $18.00

W. P. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE.

Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

Prather & Holmes,

DENTISTS,

First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL.

A. N. DICK,

DENTIST,

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of Express Office, over Webber's Drug Store,

WOODLAND, CAL.

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

B. DENNERY, Prop.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL,

mar15.

NEW FIRM!

H. R. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,

Weyrich Headers,

Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,

Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest artjcle I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDERBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - Woodland.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected tock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

M. C. PALMER,

AT

BOGGS' OLD STAND,

WINTERS, CAL.

KEEPS A FULL LINE OF

Groceries, Etc.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

A POEM BY HARRY MICHELS.

Across the years which stretch afar,
I see the farm where I was born,
The yellowing fields of Indian corn,
And hillsides where the chesnuts are.

I see the swift-winged swallows dart
About the barns and o'er the lawn;
I bless the mellow lights of morn
That lift the shadows from my heart.

Again the Spring-time flowers bloom
In welcome plenty 'mid the grass;
Again the clover fields I pass;
Again the gentle cows come home.

The tinted Autumn woods appear—
I bless their bright leaves' cheerful glow;
The village school again I know,
And troops of boys and girls are near.

I gather walnuts on the hill
Above the church-yard; on the brook
Again with willow wand and hook
I hunt the trout pond near the mill.

I chase the squirrel as he flees
Along the zigzag of the fence;
I feel the June days' recompense
Of twilight dew and evening breeze.

And boyhood's loves shall never fade,
Nor fade the blush from girlish cheeks,
Nor silent grow the tongue that speaks
Out of the Past—the hallowed shade.

Is this my idle fancy's play?
Or doth the Past come back again?
And do the sunshine and the rain
Of boyhood never pass away?

The Sand Blast.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand blast. Suppose you desire to letter a piece of marble for a grave stone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone.

Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower or other emblem, cut the letters, flowers, etc., in wax and stick them upon the stone; then pass the stone under the blast and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you will have the raised letters.

Take a piece of French plate glass, say two feet by six, and cover it with fine lace; pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, for they will be whittled off right hastily.

If they put on steal thimbles to protect the nails, it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not effect substances that are soft and yielding like wax, cotton or fine lace, or even the human hand.—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Partington Bismarck has forbidden the circulation in Germany of a Geneva political newspaper. The old fossil has lost his cunning. Half the Empire will now know all about the contents of that journal. He might as well attempt to forbid the little stars to shine. The Germans will not be governed in that old-fashioned manner. A German Duke once upon a time, heard that there was an old woman in his little Duchy who, though ninety years of age, had never been out of her native town, and that he might have something to boast of, decreed that she should never leave the village. The poor creature immediately became restless with an uncontrollable desire to travel, and as she could not, died of fretting in less than ninety days. Germans have that quality, which friends call firmness and enemies obstinacy, and the Mrs. Partington of the Empire would do well to remember that fact. *Bee.*

Government collections in San Francisco amounts to between, ten and twelve million dollars per year. The transportation of Government money back and forth between New York and San Francisco has been large for many years, sometimes sent by mail, by express or guarded by militia. Money is sent cheaper through the mails than by any other way, but the risk is much greater.

There is more joy over the dollar which is found on the highway than there is over the ninety and nine that were never lost.

A Blind Man's Duel.

A peculiar duel occurred in the days when the Mississippi river steamboats were the scenes of constant carousals and quarrels. Captain West, one of the fiercest habitues of the steamer, one day accused a gentleman on the deck of impertinently staring at him. "I am not looking at you," calmly replied the stranger, his eyes meanwhile fixed in a stony glare upon the duelist's face. "But you are." "I am not." The Captain turned away, but a short time afterward he felt those stony eyes again upon him, and following all his movements. Stepping up to the stranger he said with suppressed passion: "Can you fight as well as you look?" "Perhaps so. I have never tried it. Place me, however in position and I will do my best." The singular conduct of the stranger had by this time attracted almost universal attention. In a short time the vessel rounded to a landing for wood, and the parties to the impromptu duel went ashore. The stranger was led off by a negro servant, who seemingly picked his way. But the time allotted for preliminaries was brief, and the men were speedily put in position. The word was given, and two ringing reports flashed out on the air. Captain West fell pierced through the heart. The stranger stood erect, calm and dignified. His second rushed up to him: "Are you hurt, sir?" "No; how is it with my antagonist?" "Can't you see? You have killed him." "No; I am unable to see." "You can't see." "No; I am blind." And so he proved to be. The tragedy was a nine-days' wonder, and all sorts of rumors were rife as to the identity of the fatal stranger. But who he was or whither he went was a mystery never solved.

He got the Decision.

Many years ago, three well-known attorneys, Messrs. Loomis, McCandless and Hampton, happened to meet after a separation of some time, and in the course of the conversation that ensued, very naturally reverted to the scenes of their early professional life. One case, that of Bartlett vs. Bartlett, came in for considerated discussion. It was rather a celebrated local case, in which one brother sought to dispossess another of 150 acres of land.

The three attorneys named appeared for the plaintiff and won the suit for him. After a lengthly review of the case which served as a precedent for many similar ejectment suits that followed in subsequent years, McCandless turned to Loomis and inquired:

"By the way, brother Loomis, what did you do with your third of the farm?"

"Well, really, I almost forgot," replied Loomis, "but I suspect that I must have hypothecated it for a small loan. But what did you do with yours, brother McCandless? I do not remember, now, what disposition you made of it."

"Oh! I broke it up into small lots, and sold it to several different parties," answered McCandless, who turned to Mr. Hampton and asked: "And what did you do with your third, brother Hampton?"

"I still own it," returned Hampton, "and it has grown to be quite valuable."

Col. J. F. Moore, who was then a boy and engaged in assisting the clerk of the Court, at this point broke into a loud laugh, which suddenly brought the conversation to a close.

McCandless looked at him severely for a moment and said:

"What do you mean by laughing, young man, when your elders are engaged in coversation?"

"Please excuse me, gentlemen," began the lad, "but it sounds very funny to me. What I would like to know is this: If each of you got one-third of the farm, what did your client get?"

"Why, he got the deciiosn," said McCandless, with a twinkle in his eye.

There's a flutter in the silk market. Advices from France and Italy say the supply of the raw article is short and Japan silk, which ranks next to the European article, has advanced from five to seven dollars per pound. The demand for silk dress goods, etc., is large and all mills in the vicinity of New York are running on full time.

Legal Practice in London.

In the legal profession in England there are three distinct and well defined branches of practice; and boundary lines of the several spheres of enterprise may not be over-stepped. The solicitor transacts ordinary business, and advises his client, both as to the avoidance and the redress of grievances. He asserts the rights of the layman who intrusts his interests to his keeping, and avenges the wrongs inflicted upon him by others, so far as these functions can be performed with the aid of the ordinary appliances which the law affords. When matters become more complicated than the simple remedies will suffice to cure, the solicitor seeks the aid of counsel. The client cannot go directly to the latter to the prejudice of the general practitioner at law; nor can counsel transact ordinary business for laymen, however willing they may be to pay his fees or secure his services. An opinion may of course be obtained on the most trivial subject, but the case must be submitted through a solicitor or counsel cannot entertain it, so that the wider professional interests are duly protected. There is a still more exclusive class of practitioners, who act solely as consultees and leaders—the Queen's counsel—who are prohibited from appearing in most cases before the courts without a junior. By this simple but effective organization of labor, any unseemly conflict of aim and interest is prevented, and the public benefit, not less than the profession, by the arrangement made and carried out.—*Lancet.*

Bad Literature.

Interview with J. H. Smart, Illinois State Superintendent of Education:

"What is the chief agency in the degredation of our young people, so far as it occurs?"

"Well, I should say that bad literature is the devil's most powerful weapon in this work."

"Then an education means a good deal more than the mere acquisition of information?"

"Yes, sir. Our best teachers understand very well that taking out a child's brains and stuffing the vacuum with a few books is not education. As has been well said, if you train a man's body only, you make a magnificent brute; if you train his body and his mind, you make a magnificent scoundrel, and if you train his body, his mind and his heart, you have a magnificent specimen of manhood. Right education will make manly men and womanly women. The school plays an important part in this work, but there are other agencies of just as much importance and with whom the responsibility must certainly be divided.

The Witchery of Manner.

Almost every man can recall scores of cases within his knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortune of lawyers, doctors, devines, for life. Raleigh, as related in history, flung down his lace coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud Queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tone in which he asks for a pinch of snuff is often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality arouses as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that man or woman can wear—and worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

The Constitutional Convention is now in session in Louisiana. Reports from that State indicate a general uneasiness among the people lest the new document, when promulgated, will be found more objectionable than the one now in existence.

In School Days.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knive's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph, and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

A Mother's Treasure.

I was just twenty-two, but had been a widow three years. In our pretty cottage, shaded by stately trees and wreathing vines, John and I, had been blissfully happy for twelve months; but then he died suddenly, leaving me and my tiny baby, Pearl, all alone.

Mrs. Crane, an old lady, noble and true but homeless, came to live with us, and her companionship enabled me to remain in the cottage where John had brought me a bride, and around which clustered so many sweet and sacred memories.

I had almost worshipped my good husband, and my grief-burdened heart, after his death, turned its affections more tenderly and devotedly to the beautiful baby girl that had been given us, and that nestled, smiling and helpless, in my arms.

I watched her grow with the utmost pride and joy, for she was surpassingly beautiful. Her features were classically pure, and her hair, a rich golden brown, silky and soft, clustering in ringlets over her proud little head, while the great eyes, with a tender look in their depths that always reminded me of her father's, just matched the tint of her hair. She was so winsome, so full of dainty graces, that I could not look at her without a great thanksgiving rising up in my heart for her existence.

After a year of widowhood, old friends and associates of my youth began to gather round me, and I soon found myself the center of a gay circle. I was young, and considered fairer than I had been even in girlhood, and, after a year of sorrow and seclusion, I found the flattering adulation of admiring friends very sweet, and new charms in the society of the sprightly circle that so willingly crowned me queen.

Still my beautiful Pearl was the pride and joy of my home and heart, and when she would come in the evening, and clasp her fair arms lovingly about my neck, and whisper so softly, "Good night, dear mamma," I felt that she would ever be my heart's dearest treasure.

I had not forgotten nor ceased to love my dear John, but a new affection came into my heart, and was intense and all absorbing. Milton McLester, a handsome and fastidious man, fair, cold, and almost stern, won my woman's heart. Ah!—

"Love is not in our power;
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice;
We only love where fate ordains we should,
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit."

Milton was wealthy, gifted, and had traveled and seen much of the world. I appreciated his attentions, and gloried in the love he professed for me. In manner he was not an ardent lover by any means, but he made me feel that his devotion was understood, and that he expected me to deport myself always with regard to his pleasure.

One thing caused me much anxiety; that was the unaccountable dislike my lover manifested for my beautiful child. My little darling seemed to know instinctively that he did not regard her with favor, and would cling quietly and closely to me whenever he was present.

He had spoken more freely of his love for me, one day, as we sat, the pretty landscape before us brightened by the warm tints that the setting sun cast back upon the evening sky. I was too happy for words, but I looked up worshipfully into the radiant face beside me.

Just then my fairy-like child, with the sunny curls brushed back from her pure brow, came out in her dainty night-dress, and, creeping softly into my lap, closed her pretty eyes, and nestled her head on my bosom. Fondly I clasped my arms around her, but my whole soul was flooded with joy by the loving words that had just fallen from the lips of my companion.

For one moment I played with my baby's hair, that twined itself round my fingers at a touch; and then lifted my eyes to my lover's face, but found it no longer radiant and smiling. There was a scornful curve about the expressive lips, and the eyes were cold and piercing.

"Can't you send that child back to her nurse?" he asked, sternly.

"Why, Milton, surely you are not jealous of my poor little Pearl?"

"I see no necessity for making a slave of yourself."

"I have not seen my child since noon, because I wished to spend the time quietly with you, Milton; but I shall never forget nor neglect her for anyone."

"Very well. Good evening, madam;" and with a stately bow he strode away through the twilight, leaving me and my innocent child sitting quietly in the little porch, where we lingered until the stars came out and shone on us from the clear sky that arched above.

I was miserable. I worshipped the stern man who had just left me so coldly, and probably for ever, for so slight and unjust a cause; but I loved also the dear baby girl that lay so confidingly in my arms, all unconscious of the unhappiness she had occasioned.

For weeks I saw little of Milton. He did not come near me, and, too proud to allow him to see how much I was grieved by his indifference, I visited a great deal, and on every occasion that it was prudent to do so carried my child with me.

She attracted universal admiration, and a popular Swedish artist grew so enthusiastic over her beauty that he begged me to sit with her as a central figure for a landscape he was working up with great care. Pleased with the compliment I consented to do so, and we were to begin the series of sittings the following day.

Milton came in the evening. I greeted him quietly and pleasantly, though I could scarcely keep back my tears. He was rather courteous, but expressed his disapproval of the promise I had given the artist to sit with Pearl for his picture.

"Camilla, you must not do so imprudent a thing," he said calmly; "and the best excuse you can have for breaking your engagement is to join the party my sister is making up to spend a week by the seaside. I came to bear you an especial invitation."

Seating himself beside me, the old radiant look came back into the calm eyes, and a fond smile played about the proud lips.

"Let us be happy for one little week, Camilla just one week. Don't refuse my sister's invitation."

For the first time, he pressed a warm kiss upon my hand—for the first time looked flushed, ardent, loving. Ah, what joy to be reinstated in his heart! And why should I not grant his simple request?

"But Pearl—shall she go, too? I ought not to leave her."

The light died out of his face for an instant, then he said, very pleasantly. "Pearl again, the little mischief-maker! How jealous I have been of her! But, Camilla, you are right, after all, for if you could not love and be faithful to so beautiful a child, you would be cold hearted indeed. But can't you, for my sake, steal away from her for one week? I feel assured that Mrs. Crane and nurse will care for her properly."

He loved me, he commended me, he acknowledged the beauty of my darling; and although my better nature whispered me to stay with my child, I allowed myself to be persuaded to leave her, to go for a few days to the pretty town nestled on the white sands of the seashore.

A day's preparation, and all was in readiness. The hour of departure came. Pearl was sleeping, and kneeling beside her dainty cradle, I lovingly kissed the bright cheeks and scarlet lips, and prayed that Heaven would watch over my beautiful treasure.

Ours was a merry party. About half a dozen friends had joined us, and the days passed delightfully.

I was very, very happy. There were many visitors at the hotel where we were stopping, by whom I was much admired; but Milton had asked me to be his bride, and the betrothal ring sparkled on my hand.

We stood on the beach alone. The moon was shining with the stars, and the whole world seemed full of joy and beauty before me.

"Camilla! Camilla! A telegram for you."

It was the soft voice of Milton's sister that called to me from the hotel.

A telegram! From whom? A terrible fear rose in my mind, and my heart seemed to stand still as I fled up to the house, and, grasping the fatal paper read:

"Come home at once! I fear Pearl will not live till you arrive.

AMELIA CRANE."

Our party had collected anxiously around me. I raised my eyes, and encountered the brilliant triumphant gaze of my betrothed. I was frantic, wild. My child dying without me!—my beautiful Pearl dying, while her mother, who should have watched beside her, was away amusing herself, and joining in the companionship of a lover who despised her baby girl!

Suddenly the whistle of an engine broke upon the stillness. It was the train bound for our village; it would stop but one minute. No horses, no carriage, no way to reach it in time!

Without a word, I snatched the lantern from its low hook in the hall, and rushed into the moonlight and soft summer air, every nerve of brain and body strained to the utmost. I ran as swiftly as I could across the long stretch of white sand that intervened between me and the railroad above the station. I was in time. The train was moving out slowly.

Standing fearlessly on the line, I frantically swung my lantern up and down. The engine-driver stopped the train, and the guard, who had known me all my life, lifted me into the carriage.

The passengers gazed at me—curiously—at my tasteful evening dress, soiled and torn; at my dishevelled hair, with a few bruised flowers still clinging amid its damp fold.

But my darling was dying! dying! dying! I saw the word written in flames of fire before my eyes, and hour after hour it seemed burning deeper into my brain.

The distance was at length accomplished. The train stopped at our village. My darling lived! Oh, thank Heaven!

Calming the fearful excitement that pervaded my frame, I threw on a loose dress, pinned back my hair, and entered the sick-room quietly—oh, so quietly! Ah! I could see how my darling had suffered! She breathed with great difficulty, but the beautiful eyes opened as I bent over her, and the loving little arms were lifted, while a glad smile lighted her angel face.

"Mamma's come! Oh! take me, mamma!"

Once again I took the perfect little form lovingly in my arms. Once again the shapely head, with its crown of golden curls, nestled on my bosom, and my beautiful darling lay dead on my heart.

Her mother's treasure, my precious Pearl, was lost to me forever.

Down in a Lead Mine.

At Joplin, Kansas, a "drummer" heard that a man at Lone Elm, about one mile and a half from the town, was about to purchase a stock of goods to open a saloon. That information settled him at once. He determined to slip off in the night and sell the man a bill of goods before his competitors got through with their game of billiards. He grabbed his sample case and started forth to walk to Lone Elm. He knew all about the direction but had forgotten about those deserted shafts. He fell down one of those yawning chasms. In his fall he caught hold of what the miners call the landing board, and there he hung at midnight over one hundred feet of pitchy darkness. "Then," said he, "I began to realize what a wicked mortal I was. My hands were good and strong, but I wished they had been turned to honest labor in their youth, so that they might have been stronger. I wished only for one single moment to spit on my hands, but I dare not let go for fear the other would not hold out. I tried to pray, but found myself cussin' the ice which was thawing on the board beneath my hand. Then I hollored as loud as I could, for my hands and arms were giving out; but my shouts only evoked the echoes of the dark, dismal chasm before me. But I held on. I never realized before what it was to hold on 'like death.' It was awful to hang there in the dark, half way down that dismal hole, knowing that it was merely a matter of endurance how long I might live. My thoughts seemed to travel like lightning over the past. It seemed that I was hanging there for years, and I could see everything I had done in my past life. I thought of every lie I had told while selling goods, and vowed that if I was spared I would never sell 'cut' goods again as 'straight' goods. I counted up the hundreds of barrels of two-year-old I had sold for straight five-year old Jordan or Kentucky Club.

"Then I thought of the empty barrels in the old store, and I wished I was an empty barrel, so that my hands would hold out longer. I knew that my time was coming, because my fingers were getting the cramps. I kicked once in hopes of getting a foothold on the side of the shaft to ease my poor arms, but that kick came near being my last. Oh, how I wished some of those dear drummers had followed me and could hear my frantic howling. I howled again and listened, but no answer. At last I gave up. I said my last prayer. I don't know what I said, but I know it was something about 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and 'How tedious and tasteless the hours.' Then I shut up my eyes, and at last, when I could not hold on any longer, I groaned inwardly and fell."

When he reached the bottom of the dark, inky black chasm he landed upon the sample case. He fell just eighteen inches and sat there until daylight, when a party of miners passed that way. He gave them the unlimited use of his sample case and started for home at once.

Too Much for Him.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. The correspondent recalls an amusing instance of this sort, which happened a few years ago in an Albany court room.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression upon the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself, by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple-red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked,—

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn *pale* when they faint, don't they?"

A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn *pale?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness's eye, and a quaver on her lip, as if from suppressed humor.

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the court-room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say his temper.

Wit and Humor.

The most chased music is that played in the streets by bands which small boys follow.—Picayune.

"We've moved into our own house, now," said Spitkins, "and have quit the pay-rent-al roof forever."

If a man will tell me what he thinks ov his nabors, i can tell him what his nabors think ov him.—Josh Billings.

New styles of expensive parasols are announced, and several young ladies propose to keep shady.—N. Y. Herald.

A boot-maker has this extraordinary announcement in the window: "Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-cents a pair."

Horses, says the *Detroit Free Press*, dream as well as human beings. A kind of a night mare, we suppose.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ladies' spring hats are appearing in shades to match almost anything, but they are all a shade too high for most pocket-books.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can, but I hate to."

There is a man on Arbor Hill who is so infernally lazy that his friends say it is impossible to cut him to the quick, since he hasn't got any.—Albany Evening Journal.

An exchange contains the marriage notice of a Mr. and Miss Carr. We notice it merely as an instance of car coupling by a clergyman, which is something unusual.

Photographer—"You look sober; smile a little." He smiles, and the photographer says: "Not so much, sir; my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."—Exchange.

In case a waiter spills a full plate of soup on a lady's dress, the rule is observed in all well-regulated boarding-houses that the lady is entitled to another plate of the same broth.—N. O. Picayune.

"Sometimes I feel as though it were fly time and I had the baldest kind of a head on my shoulders, and both my hands tied behind my back. And yet, I am not irrationally, extravagantly happy."—Congressman Blackburn's reveries.

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may call it a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "DEAR SIR,—Two months ago my wife could hardly speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I would not be without it."

They were engaged in archery, and her attitude was very fine as she let fly the feathered arrow from the twanging bow. "William, are you hit?" she softly murmured. "Shot through the heart," he answered. "Do, William," she pleaded—"do, William, Tell." And thus it is that history repeats itself.

"Over twenty venders of stomach bitters have become bankrupt the past year." There are tons of comfort, and oceans of hope in that statement. It tells, more strongly than acres of statistics could set forth, that the good times coming have come. It is dull times, when a man has nothing else to occupy him, that he insults his stomach with bitters.—Boston Transcript.

An Irishman, some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute-player informed him that he generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. "Then," replied the Hibernian, "I'll begin the second month."

Mary Wright Thompson made a sensation the other day before the Woman Suffrage Convention in St. Louis by asserting that men are more accurate in statement, more logical in thought, and more prompt and conscientious in business engagements than women. We do not doubt the accuracy of the assertion, but it may be owing to the fact that women are not properly trained, or not trained at all, for a business life.

Astride a log sat Sam and another sinner, engaged in a little game of seven-up, when a minister approached, who, after a solemn contemplation of the game, laid his hand upon Samuel's shoulder and said: "My friend, is that the way to save your soul?" "Perhaps not," answered Sam, who, having just played a card, was attentively considering his hand, "Perhaps not, but it seems about the best thing I can do to save my Jack."—Oshkosh Christian Advocate.

Prepare for hot weather. Consign your hibernal integument to the pungent camphor, and smooth the creases out of your linen duster. Send your glass hat to the bleacher's and resurrect your mankins from their winter's sleep, and be ready with your slender stick to rally forth to meet the vertical sun. "But," you say, "I may not be alive." True, true; but don't let that trouble you; make your preparations for warmth just the same.—Boston Transcript.

GEOGRAPHICAL PHYSIOLOGY.—In the junior class at the High School there was an examination in physiology. One question, which happened to be put to one of the Chinese pupils, was this:

"Describe the location of the liver."

The boy remembered his geographical lessons on the map better than his study in physiological terms; but his "bump of locality," as the phrenologists would say, was well developed; he knew how the land lay, if he couldn't name the islands and capes—and his prompt and confident answer was—

"It lies just south of the heart."—Hartford Times.

Hawkeye Glances.

"What do we owe to woman?" rhapsodizes an unmarried essayist. Most of us owe her forty cents for our last week's washing.—[Rockland Courier.

The Saratoga debating society has reached the conclusion that hope is a greater source of pleasure than memory. Hurrah for hope.—[Buffalo Express.

The newest dining tables are square, the round extension table being unfashionable. The new style is more appropriate for a "square meal."—[Norristown Herald.

"I have got so in the habit of being married by an Episcopal clergyman, that I really don t feel satisfied with any other kind," said a frequent widower—[Boston Transcript.

Somebody once called disappointment "medicine for the soul." It's a good deal like castor oil—it may be wholesome; it certainly is disagreeable.—[Boston Transcript.

Iron Thunder, a converted Indian, has become a preacher, but we don't believe he can preach a more effective serman than "Jersey Lightning."—[Norristown Herald.

Nearly every Northern city has its "Chautauqua literary and scientific society," results of the National Sunday school assembly held at Chautauqua Lake.—[Rochester Democrat.

There are multitudes ov people now living who are anxious to prove that 2 and 2 makes 5, and i am astonished to kno that there are full as many who are as anxious to believe it.—[Josh Billings.

It is said that there are two or three men in this country actually suffering from liver complaint, despite the thousands of "certain cures" advertised in the papers. This is strange if true.—[Norristown Herald.

Some people, says Bittertongue, are such confounded cheats, that if you should catch the measles from them it wouldn't be the real article—something that wouldn't more'n half color the skin.—[Boston Transcript.

To the Virginia gentleman who has found a pot of gold—Put that right back where you got it from, sir! Good gracious! is there no place where we can hide our gold and have it let alone for two minutes?—[Buffalo Express.

Eighteen thousand one hundred and nine emigrants arrived in New York during May, against twelve thousand two hundred and thirteen in May last year. Ninety-two thousand eight hundred and one emigrants arrived during the year ending May 31; against seventy two thousand and ninety-one the previous year.

Easy Lectures on Physiology.

If, children, you take away all the viscera, that is the lungs and liver and things, from the cavity of the trunk of your body, and rub your finger up and down the back of this cavity, you will feel a bony column, corrugated like a washboard, reaching from the neck to the legs. It is made of little flat, round pieces of bone, like so many bungs, piled on top of each other, only these bungs of bone are very rough and jagged at the edges. Each of these bungs is what your doctor calls a vertebra. Now, all these vertebræ form together a solid pillar that gives support to the trunk. At the back of this column, is a sharp kind of an edge, formed by what are called the spines, that is, the uneven tips of the arches of the vertebræ; you can feel them on your own back. Then there is a hollow ring in each vertebra, that is called the arch, and all these hollow rings or arches make the spinal canal. So then, all these things, the bodies, arches, and spines, that make up each vertebra, and all the vertebræ together, make what your family physician calls the "vertebral column," and what all the rest of us call the "backbone."

Well, that is what is the matter with President Hayes, just now. He has it. Has it the worst way.—*Hawk-Eye.*

A Romantic History.

Sixty years ago a young Italian was condemned to death for a political offense. The scaffold was erected when he found means of escape. He finally landed in England. A stranger, and unable to speak the language, he began to teach his own. For ten years he lived a life of penury. One day he found a friend in Roscoe, author of "The Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent," who gave him letters which obtained him employment at University College. One of the letters was to Sir Henry Ellis, who was then chief librarian of the British Museum. Two years afterward, when Brougham interested himself in the young Italian, this letter to Sir Henry no doubt helped to obtain for him the position of assistant librarian. He was thirty-four when he entered the museum, and at 40 he was appointed keeper of the printed books. He instituted wise reforms, administered his department with great skill, showed a marvelous knowledge of books, and with a liberality which is creditable to the government of the time, when death once more made the higher place vacant he was elevated to the post, and, being naturalized, he was knighted. This, in a nutshell, is the brief history of Sir Antonio Panizzi, Librarian of the British Museum, who died at the ripe age of 80.—*London Letter.*

It was to Jerome Bonaparte that the society of Baltimore and Washington were indebted for the introduction of the waltz, which dance so horrified the parents of the girls who learned it, that at first they could only dance it secretly.

The total receipts from the late sale of pictures contributed to the Artists' Fund society, in New York, were $14,818 74, including the prices of the frames.

In rolling ground never do it when the ground is wet, but firm enough to get the necessary pressure from the roller.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

No Evil in the Stars.

We alluded not long since to the fears entertained by some of great disasters likely to attend the perihelion passage of the four great planets about to occur. These fears we attempted to show, were not only groundless, but absurd, the failure of many similar predictions having been cited in support of this view of the matter. On the subject of these threatened ills, C. C. Blake, a well-known American astronomer, publishes a long article in an Illinois paper, in which he demonstrates the influence of these planets upon our earth to be so infinitely small that we need not apprehend any malefic effects therefrom. He even shows the very data upon which these alarming predictions are based to be grossly and strangely inaccurate.

In the first place, astronomers, in computing the perihelion of Neptune, differ as much as seven years as to the time when that event will occur. In regard to the perihelion of Uranus, these authorities are not agreed whether it will take place in 1881 or 1882. Saturn will not be in conjunction with the sun until the latter part 1885, when the era of these dire calamities will be past and over. Jupiter, the largest planet in our system, being 1,387 times as large as the earth, will pass its perihelion point in September, 1880. These great orbs in this matter of coincidence will, in fact, not act all conjointly. Even if they were to do so, no great harm would follow. The perihelion of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus all occurred in 1797, and yet that year was not distinguished for famine, tempests, plagues, or other great disaster. The perihelion of Jupiter and Saturn were again in coincidence in 1856, another year exempt from baleful influences and bloody events. If all the planets in the solar system were to pass their perihelion at one time and all in the same heliocentric longitude, such a conjunction would have no appreciable effect upon the climate or inhabitants of our globe. Doubtless persons who have been giving way to fears about these planetary movements may safely dismiss the same.

Smoking by Boys.

How few persons realize that the money spent on tobacco in this country, would feed and shelter every poor family in the land; that thousands of finer organizations among men, awaken in middle life to the consciousness that their brains are being gravely affected by the use of tobacco, only to struggle in vain against its fetters; that, directly and indirectly, tobacco hastens the death of large numbers of persons every year.

With these facts in view, parents should remember that the habitual use of tobacco has reached down to mere boys, many of whom strut the streets with cigars in their mouths, while others think it manly to have their smoking-parties.

Now, excesses of every kind during the period of growth, smite fearfully at the very foundations of future health and life.

It is well known that Germans are inveterate smokers. They are often pointed at as a proof of the harmlessness of the habit. But a correspondent of the London *Times* affirms that the authorities in Germany are taking measures to arrest the practice among the young, on the ground, as attested by the German physicians, that it incapacitates them for the defense of their country.

"Smoking," he adds, "weakens the powers of the stomach at that important crisis of development when the largest quantities of food have to be assimilated to build up the growing frame. It lowers the vitality of the heart. Muscle, energy, endurance, indeed, all that makes the man and the soldier, are thus at stake." Not only parents, but boys themselves, should heed this warning.—*Youth's Companion.*

He Got a Check.

He wasn't a man who could be classed with tramps, but yet he was shabby, untidy and dead broke. "You see, my dear man," he explained to a Griswold-street lawyer, "I come of an excellent family, have worn diamonds and broadcloth, and am in my present fix simply because my father wouldn't let me wed the girl I love, and I ran away. I have concluded to return to him and ask his forgiveness and marry the heiress he has picked out for me. I need only five dollars. As soon as I return to Troy I will forward you a cluster diamond pin as a present. That's the style of a clothespin I am."

The lawyer sat right down and wrote him a check for five dollars, and he wouldn't even let the repentant young man return thanks for it. No. If he could do a fellow man a good turn he was only too glad to do so. What was life worth living for but for its chances to make others happy?

"Just so—Heaven bless you—look out for the diamond pin," said the young man as he left the office for the bank.

One minute before he presented the check he was all smiles. One minute after the cashier had the paper a voice was heard saying:

"Tom Collins! Who in blazes is Tom Collins? He has no money here! You'd better jump out o' this or I'll have you in the cooler in about three minutes!"

The young men jumped. As he went out he saw the lawyer across the street, but he never smiled. He placed the check on the walk, spit on it and descended into a barber shop and asked if they knew of any citizen who wanted a competent man to take care of a dog and do the marketing for the kitchen.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *Hawkeye* has a correspondent writing from here over the nom de plume of "Claire" who is a very effective and able writer, and possesses the much prized merit of condensation.—*Chariton Patriot.*

There is a right way and a wrong way, though few housemaids know it, to sweep Brussels carpets. If the carpet is brushed against the grain, it soon wears, and looks scratched up.

How Young Bates Goes Fishing.

For an example of the work, and the fun of a dory-fisher, let me show you how young Bates (who is soon to enter Harvard) is enjoying himself as one of the crew of the *Betsy*, now at anchor on "Casey's Bank," somewhere in the latitude of Cape Sable. The trim little eighty-ton schooner, with seventy-five fathoms of cable out ahead, is plunging and rolling in a manner which to a landsman would seem frightful. It is young Bate's morning watch on deck. He was dressing fish until eleven o'clock the night previous, after a hard day's fishing in a choppy sea. Every bone in his body aches; every finger on his hands is sore and stiff. He is fairly overcome with desire for sleep, and I regret to add is proportionately cross. But, for that matter, so are the entire crew, whom with a sort of wretched gratification, he rouses from slumber precisely at four o'clock A. M., in obedience to the cook's summons to breakfast.

With far more favorable surroundings, breakfast at four A. M. would be to many a hollow mockery; yet young Bates has a fine appetite. Neither the discomfort of a red-hot cooking-stove just behind him, nor the tendency of everything movable to rush frantically down the table at spasmodic intervals, can prevent him from enjoying with a keen relish the homely fare which once he would have thought uneatable. After breakfast, donning his oil clothes, he goes on deck. A drizzly fog as uncomfortable, and nearly as impenetrable, as a wet woolen blanket, clings to everything. As the *Betsy* laboriously climbs the mountainous green seas, to sink into succeeding valleys of watery space, the slippery deck becomes alternately a steep upward incline or a dizzy descent.

Five weeks ago, young Bates would have thought it madness to launch out into such a tumult of waters in a frail dory.

But now, he performs the act as quite a matter of course. With bait-bucket, lines and water-jug in their proper places, he pulls leisurly to windward. The *Betsy*, and the little fleet of dories fast scattering in different directions, are swallowed up in the fog, and he is alone on the deep. But despite the gray lonliness of the clinging vapor and sullen sea, there is an exhilaration in the very ease with which he sends his light craft forward, even while it is being upborne on the rising surface of a vast wave. Then, too, there is a strange sense of awe which he can never entirely overcome, as he is carried with startling swiftness down a long-reaching slope, where for a breathless second he seems to be engulfed in a terrible chasm walled in by threatening seas.

Here he can think of the past, and, if he will, dream of the future. Among other things, he remembers with what a strange thrill he had seen a large Cunard steamer emerge from the fog a day or two previously, and pass within about a stone's throw of his boat.

But now to business, for he is nearly a mile distant from the *Betsy*. Shipping his oars he drops his twenty-five pound anchor overboard, giving it about sixty fathoms of scope, that his dory may rise easily on the vast seas, without bringing too suddenly a strain upon the anchor, in which case he would get adrift.

Then, baiting his lines, each of which is provided with a pair of hooks and a heavy sinker, he throws one over either side of the dory. Standing erect with his feet firmly braced and a line over each forefinger, he awaits his first bite. For one cannot fish sitting down; he must learn to keep his feet while the little cockle-shell of a boat is riding the vast surges, and apparently trying continually to pitch him overboard.

A dull tug is felt on one line, and, dropping the other, he pulls hand over hand a fathom at a time, until with about as many regular motions of his arms as there are fathoms of water on the shoal, he hauls a pair of cod over the side. By the time his hooks are rebaited, the other line needs his attention, and thus he alternates between the two, till he has fish enough for a load, or a gun fired from the vessel's deck by the skipper (who, with the cook, remains on board and fishes over the rail) summons him to dinner. Occasionally, he catches a worthless haddock, or perchance, an ugly skate, with its half-human face. Sometimes it is a cod the size of a very small boy, or a huge black pollock, to secure which he has to use a gaff.

But his dory is now as deep as it will safely swim, and, hauling up his anchor with infinite pains, he pulls back to the schooner. Throwing the painter to the "skippers," young Bates, standing upright, has the harassing duties of counting his fish as he pitches them one by one on board, and keeping his boat from being stove under the schooner's counter, as she descends on a receding wave.

After dinner he is ready to start out again, but the afternoon efforts may not prove very successful, and he may have to change his ground several times before he finds fish in abundance. Once, while he was anchored and busily fishing, he witnessed a singular phenomenon. He had for some time been conscious of a far-off but continuous sound, as that of a muffled thunder-peal, coming to his ears above the constant wash and surge of the waves While he was striving to account therefor, the atmosphere about him grew strangely luminous, and an unaccustomed sense of warmth was in the air. While he thus wondered, the veil of fog was suddenly lifted from the face of the deep, as though by magic, and overhead appeared a circular path of blue sky. And lo! as he gazed, a long island, on whose white shores were strewn the timbers of many a wrecked ship, seemed to rise, as it were, from the sea, perhaps a mile distant. Yet, even when he dimly discerned a few buildings and a flag-staff, the gray mists suddenly shut down with marvelous swiftness, blotting out every vestige of the vision, and leaving him to wonder whether he had seen all this or dreamed it. But when he drew one of his lines which had lain idly upon the bottom, what do you think he found upon the unbaited hook? What, but a china doll's head! They told him when he came on board and showed his strange token from the deep, that he had looked upon Sable Island, where unforeseen currents and quicksands unite with fog and tempest to lure many a noble ship to destruction. And one old man said that the bottom of the sea in this vicinity was strewn with untold wealth, and that the doll's head so singularly brought to the surface was, without doubt, from some wrecked vessel. — *Frank H. Converse in St. Nicholas.*

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh shopping: I was with a friend in a confectionery store yesterday, and while we were there a lady and gentleman came in—a plainly-dressed pair, without even a servant in attendance, and without any assumption of state whatever. The lady gave her orders in a loud, but not unmusical voice, speaking altogether in French, selected a number of April gifts ("April fish," as they are called here) for her children, and inspected all the April novelties, mingling freely and unostentatiously with the other purchasers. It was the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. She has become much thinner, and her face has in consequence lost the heavy look that was its chief defect. She has a lovely blooming complexion, and but for a chin of undue shortness would be a very pretty woman. She is tall and graceful, and her figure was displayed to advantage in the very simple jacket of black braided cloth that she wore over a black silk skirt.—*London Letter.*

There was trouble in Blairville, Iowa, about a ball that was to have been given by the proprietor of the leading hotel. He desired to have what he called a "high-toned" assemblage, but could not make up his mind how to draw the lines. At first he thought of inviting only wealthy families, but it turned out that some of the wealthiest of the residents were very disreputable. He next adopted the plan of including only the old families of the place, but that would have counted in an ex-convict. The idea of restricting the attendance to the families of professional men was rejected because it would limit the company to about forty persons. Finally, the hotel man offered the tickets for sale to whoever had the money to buy, and so few were sold, in consequence of the bad feeling already excited, that the project was given up.

BLINDERS.—Why is it necessary to blind the horse? The theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything behind him we suspect to be a fallacy, else saddle-horses and war-horses would be duly blinded. Every horse is as familiar with his own carriage as with his own tail, and as far as his "personal" fortitude is concerned, is no more disturbed at being pursued by one than another. As for scarecrows that come behind, they are mostly familiar to the animal, and the more fully the horse can perceive them the more quietly does he submit to their approach. Then it is such a pity to cover up one of the most brilliant features of this most brilliant creature. Give the horse his due, and remove the blinders.

The wardens of a church in England being disgusted with the penuriousness of a rich peer, who, since the collection began to be taken up in a bag, instead of a plate, contributed nothing but coppers, resolved to shame him into liberality. They cut a slit in the bottom of the bag and passed it first to his lordship, whose bronze penny fell with a resounding clash on the floor plain to be seen of all men. Next day his lordship took all his prayer-books and cushions home, and deserted the church for good and all.

CREAM MERINGUES.—The whites of six eggs, one large cup of powdered sugar. Beat the egg to a stiff froth; turn, without beating, the sugar in quickly and carefully. Drop, in spoonfuls, on letter paper; sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar. Dry in a warm oven from one to two hours (two hours is better than one). Then take out, and with a spoon scoop out the soft part. Fill with whipped cream, which has been seasoned with sugar, wine or vanilla. Put two together and serve.

PULPIT THEMES.—"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you, I'd tech werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh, cos I hab notise dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."

MOLASSES CANDY.—One pint of sugar-house syrup; one teacup of brown sugar; a small piece of soda. Put this in a tin dish and boil until done. When it will snap it is done. This is easy to tell if you drop it in water, or pour a little on the snow. Be sure and not let it burn; and do not put in the soda until it is nearly done. Pour on a greased tin. When cool enough pull until it is white.

OCHRA GUMBO.—Put in one tablespoonful of lard, cut up the chicken and add to the lard with a spoonful of flour; let it fry awhile; add one quart of ochra cut up fine, and supply two spoonfuls of onion to one chicken; cook about five minutes; add one quart of water; boil until done. About fifteen minutes before serving, add pepper and salt to taste.

STUFFED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard; then cut them in two carefully; remove the yellow and mix it with fried onions, salt, pepper and a little parsley, and a little ham chopped fine. Fill the whites with this and fry so as to brown the yellow.

Woolen clothes, furs, etc., carefully brushed first, then securely wrapped in newspapers, can be kept free from moths.

A cheap potato salad is made by taking six boiled potatoes, one large onion chopped fine, one tablespoonful of mustard, a little salt and pepper, and half-cup good vinegar; let it stand an hour or so before sending to the table.

The Pocasset Sacrifice.

Dr. Munsell, the Medical Examiner of Barnstable county, Mass., has been watching Charles F. Freeman very closely, especially since Freeman's removal from the barn-like jail to the new structure, but he has been unable to detect any of the usual physical symptoms of insanity, either developed or incipient. Freeman was greatly pleased when he was put into the new jail, and even his wife, whom nothing has aroused from her melancholy, was glad to get away from the loft in which she had been confined. Freeman has been especially interested in the religious discussion which the killing of his little daughter has provoked. He still holds with pertinacity to his belief that he was called by God to do the act, and that some great good is to come of it yet. To Dr. Munsell he is reported as having said a day or two ago that it was possible that what God intended was a great religious awakening. He professes to prefer to be convicted, and even hanged, rather than to be acquitted on the ground of insanity. He is said to have affirmed repeatedly that he knew perfectly well before the act, and realizes just as well now, the responsibility that he was taking, but adds that as a faithful Christian he was constrained to sacrifice his child.

Freeman was told, it is said, that the account of his act, printed in the *Sun*, had been telegraphed to the newspapers in England and France, and he seemed to view this as only the working out of the mysterious purpose that compelled him to kill little Edith. He sleeps soundly, eats well, and takes much interest in the ordinary affairs of life. Since his imprisonment he has allowed his full beard to grow.

But Mrs. Freeman still sorrows, and is apparently pining away. She has admitted that she believed the act was the result of a mistaken faith, but she insists that neither she nor her husband was guilty of any crime. The recent letter to a sister, which has been published, has been commented on by a number of clergymen as not the least remarkable manifestation of this mysterious tragedy. She speaks of Elijah, Elisha and Christ raising the dead, and still insists that after the deed was done she and her husband had perfect faith that the child would be raised to them. But as the days passed and there were no manifestations, her heart failed, and now she knows they did wrong.

Mrs. Freeman found comfort in a recent conversation she had with Mrs. Fisk, who has charge of the eldest child. Mrs. Fisk suggested that she might have been tempted as Christ was by Satan, and this made a strong impression upon Mrs. Freeman. She asked Mrs. Fisk, pleadingly, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, whether she supposed God would forgive them for having yielded to temptation, and Mrs. Fisk replied that God always forgave where there was true repentance.

"Then He will forgive us," and with that remark Mrs. Freeman seemed to give up all consideration of the religious aspect of the act, and to allow her maternal sorrow for her child to be unrestrained. Her husband's condition and the life of her living child are the only matters that now concern her. She does not want little Bessie brought to see her. She thought the surroundings would terrify the child. But she gave minute directions regarding Bessie, her school life, her dresses, her companions and her religious instruction. Bessie does not yet know that her sister Edith is dead.

The Second Adventists in Pocasset have not yet recovered from the bewilderment which the widespread horror of Freeman's act has created. They are as meek and passive now as children. All that they say is, "We can't understand it." The feeble Foster Howard, one of the elders of the Pocasset church, the man whom Freeman first told of the act, sits day after day in his kitchen, often with his Bible open in his lap, pondering. His faith was so strong that Edith would be raised that he has not yet recovered from the shock that the undisturbed grave has given him.

"I don't understand it," he recently said. "Here is the promise that if we have faith sufficient we may say to a mountain, 'Be removed,' and it is done. Our faith was equal to that, and yet our faith does not avail."

It is possible that the Second Adventists may hold the camp meeting, beginning June 15, as they intended, because public indignation has gone, and sympathy, or rather pity, has taken its place. But they can not have the grove on Buzzard's Bay shore, and Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Freeman's mother, has offered them a grove on her farm.

Throughout New England the attention of the clergy has been generally called to the tragedy, and many sermons have been preached upon it in Providence, Boston, Lawrence, Lynn, Springfield, Worcester and other cities, In Hartford three clergymen—the Rev. Dr. Sage, Baptist, the Rev. Dr. Parker and the Rev. Mr. Gage, Congregationalist—preached upon it on Sunday of last week. Dr. Parker boldly said that he doubted whether the Abrahamic story ought to be accepted literally, and Dr. Sage argued as strongly that it should be so read.—*N. Y. Sun.*

One of the most striking sights that takes the attention of the traveler in Japan is that of the wooden sandals worn by the thirty-five million of people. These sandals have a separate compartment for the great toe, and make a clacking noise on the street. Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveler setting out on a journey, will strap a supply of them on his back that he may put on a new pair when the old is worn out. They cost but a cent and a half a pair. They are rights and lefts, and leave the foot free to the air—we never see those deformities in Japan which are so frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, being left outside the door; passing down a street you see long rows of them at the doors, old and new, large and small. It is surprising to see how rapidly the Japs step out of them, and pick them up again with their feet, without stopping when leaving the house.

The newest thing in socks—a baby

Goethe's Loves.

At the age of 15, the heart of Goethe began to flutter with the emotions of love. A merry life he and Gretchen led in picnics and pleasure bouts, but his passion was turned to melancholy when he found that the girl's affection for him was merely that of a sister. He suffered greatly at the destruction of his first romance, but pride came to his aid, and he threw himself into study, which filled him with a new ambition.

A year later he arrived at Leipsic to commence his collegiate life. He joined the family of an innkeeper and fell in love with the lively daughter. The portrait of Katchen is very pleasing. They saw each other daily, and in private theatricals played the lovers. Imagine this fantastic youth indulging in the boyish caprice of tormenting his beloved. He teased her with trifles and idle suspicions; was jealous without cause, till at last her endurance was exhausted. No sooner was he aware of this than he repented and tried to recover the jewel, but in vain. So fall away the blossoms of love. His mobile nature soon dried the tears wrung from him by the loss of Katchen.

He reached Strasburg in 1770; the one spot above all others of special interest, as the home of Frederika. From the first hour this bright young creature bounded into Goethe's presence the two hearts rushed into one. Gayly passed the days, the youngsters hourly falling deeper and deeper in love. But the social disparity was great, and although love in no wise troubled itself about station, there is quite a different solicitude felt by approaching marriage. Goethe was called to leave Strasburg—to leave Frederika. With a touching sentiment he bore away a sprig of jessamine which, in days gone by, had been touched by the white hands of the peasant-girl, and placed it in his pocket-book as a souvenir!

In the spring of 1772 he arrived at Wetzlar, with the arrow in his breast, and the image of the last beloved could only be banished by the presence of another. He saw in Lottchen his ideal, but soon found that as she was betrothed to another, she could give him nothing but friendship. Hence the situation was full of danger; there was no safety but in flight. So bidding adieu to this romance, he devoted himself to law, literature and painting.

Anna Elizabeth Schonemann, immortalized as "Lili," was the daughter of a banker in Frankfort, and this child of 16 next ensnared the roving heart of Goethe. She was confessedly a coquette, and served her adorer as he served poor Katchen. Disparity of station again rose as a barrier, and the betrothal was canceled. The lover was once more free, but not happy, and quitted forever the paternal roof.

In November, 1775, Goethe, aged 26, arrived in the little City of Weimar. His heart was still trembling from the late agitations, and hence was more liable to the invasion of a new idol. Hitherto he has been captivated by young girls; now he is fascinated by a *woman*—a woman of rank, elegance and culture; who made herself necessary to him, made her love an aim, and continued to keep him in the pleasant fever of hope. Charlotte Von Stein was mistress of herself, and Goethe's passion for her excited sympathy without a word of blame. The quiet influence of the Frau von Stein is visible in all his alternations. At last he said, "I will give up this vain love—I will be lord over myself." Leaving this woman as an image which pursued him, he plunged into the destiny of to-morrow—saying "Who knows whither he is hasting? The morning wakes us to new joys; the evening brings us the hope of new pleasures."

One day in the autumn of 1788 Goethe was accosted by a bright-looking girl, by name Christine Vulpins. Her naivete and gayety completely fascinated the poet, and she became the mistress of his affections. One would fain pass over this episode, but it is too generally known to be ignored, and suggests a tragedy which finally resulted in marriage.

The death of the wife Christine was the saddest event of his life. She who for eight and twenty years had loved and aided him, could not be taken from him without making him deeply feel the loss. In a letter to Zetter, the words were these: "When I tell thee that my dear little wife has left me, thou wilt know what that means."

As the years increased Goethe worked harder. There was abundant life in the old Jupiter; who had scarcely a wrinkle of age; whose large brown eyes had still a flashing splendor. In the seventy-fourth year of his age, he had youth enough to love—and it was thought he would marry the Franlein Von Lewezon, but the ridicule of friends withheld him.

Ottilie, the widow of his son, devoted herself to cheer his last days. When the final darkness came, she sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers, until the sleep in which a life glided from the world. Goethe lived and loved no more.

That honesty would have been the best policy was illustrated the other day on South Main street. A young Irish lad given to fun had bought a pair of shoes. The new pair was placed on his feet and what there was left of the old ones was done up in a nice bundle with the card of the shoe-dealer printed on the wrapper. On going into the street, when no one was looking, he laid it in the gutter. A countryman going by, seeing the boy pick it up, said, "Here boy, that is my bundle. I just dropped it." The lad gave it up. The countryman then bought a paper and gave the boy 15 cents for his honesty.— *Waterbury (Ct.) Advertiser.*

CRAMPS, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, SOUR STOMACH, Diarrhœa and Dysentery, are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It removes all soreness of the Bowels, quiets the Stomach, and restores its natural action. As a family remedy for many Affections of the Bowels prevalent among children and adults in the Summer months, it is especially recommended, being prompt in its operation, perfectly safe, and easily administered.

PHOSPHATE SOAP!

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and really beautiful skin.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

Not only for daily use on the face and hands, but for bathing the entire body, there is nothing equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP. It is a thorough disinfectant and removes offensive odors of every kind.

Ladies who have injured the skin by the constant use of cosmetics may do much to restore their faces to that beauty which nature alone can give by constantly using PHOSPHATE SOAP.

Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

Read the article from the Chemical Zeitung in another column. You can then understand how PHOSPHATE SOAP is compounded on scientific principles.

If you want a nice article of Toilet Soap and something that is beneficial to the skin, buy PHOSPHATE SOAP.

Sensible girls avoid cosmetics but use PHOSPHATE SOAP for the toilet because it is fragrant, pure and pleasant.

It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and a hundred other skin diseases.

If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

Natural beauty surpasses anything which can be imparted by artificial means, PHOSPHATE SOAP gives health to the skin simply by removing impurities and eradicating the poisons which give rise to skin diseases.

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP for 25 cents, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is made of the best toilet soap stock combined with the phosphate of soda and other materials beneficial to the skin.

For chapped hands the constant use of PHOSPHATE SOAP will be recommended by all who give it one fair trial.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

Should be used by ladies for the Complexion. Cosmetics injure the skin but PHOSPHATE SOAP is beneficial. It removes impurities and leaves the skin soft and healthy.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is an elegant article for the toilet. It retails for 25 cents a cake and one cake will last longer than three of cheap, inferior soaps.

PHOSPHATE SOAP Possesses medicinal qualities surpassing anything else in the market. For chapped hands, eruptions on the face or scalp, or skin disease of any kind, use PHOSPHATE SOAP. It should be in every house. Sold by all dealers. One cake sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

STANDARD SOAP CO.,

204 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED FOR HEROES and Statesmen of America. A new book of biography, "New Law Encyclopedia," "Hand Book of Medicine," "Trans-Mission of Life," "Physical Life of Women," "Diseases of Live Stock and their Most Efficient Remedies" and "New Cyclopedia of Domestic Economy." These works sell readily and money can be made by any agent. Send for circulars of these and other books. F. DEWING & CO., 207 Dupont street, San Francisco.

CHAMPION SAFE
OF THE WORLD.

Manufactured by Detroit Safe Company. A sure protection from Fire and Burglars. Sargent, Greenleaf and Yale Time Locks. Hart's Patent Emery Wheels. Benicia Buck Skin Gloves, &c. SAM'L H. PAIGE & CO., Agents, 28 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

HARNESS!
And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.

Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Side Saddles, $8 to $50 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $14 to $24 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $2 to $7 per doz; Copper rivets, 35c. per lb.; Harness leather, good quality, 29c. to 34c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $4 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; Sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Sinchos, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars, $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged Bits and Spurs.

My heavy saddles for stock herding on the best **hard wood trees**, cannot be excelled for price and quality. Orders by express promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. W. DAVIS, 421 Market St., near First, San Francisco. Send for Price List.

UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. Fall term begins July 21. For Catalogue apply to JOHN GAMBLE, B. A., Principal.

YOSEMITE BITTERS
FREE FROM ALCOHOL.
TRADE MARK

The Only Temperance Bitters Known.

The best blood Purifier and Cathartic. Warranted to cure all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. An effectual remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Chronic Constipation, Piles and all Female Complaints, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, etc. These Bitters are calculated for both sexes, and are destined to become a great household necessity. We recommend Yosemite Bitters for all chronic weaknesses of the Kidneys and Chronic Liver Complaints. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines.

P. N. P. Co., (new series) No. 70

DR. WHITE'S PRAIRIE FLOWER

THE GREAT LIVER PANACEA

Cures Every Form of LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY COMPLAINT,

DISEASES OF THE

STOMACH AND BOWELS,

And all Diseases arising from

DYSPEPSIA,

—SUCH AS—

SOUR STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, ETC.

Is Purely Vegetable.

Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced. Three doses will relieve any ordinary case, but the medicine should be continued until it effects a complete cure. It tones and invigorates the digestive organs and stimulates the liver to healthy action, thus preventing or entirely curing diseases arising from indigestion, or weak and impure blood.

Samples Free at all Drug Stores.

Large Size, Price 75 Cents.

For convenience in carrying, the Prairie Flower put up in lozenges, Price 25 cts. per box.

CHANNING WHITE, Prop'r,
TOLEDO, O.

Secured by U. S. Letters Patent No. 6,659 dated Washington, D. C., Oct. 1st, 1873

N. CURRY & BRO
113 Sansome Street, San Francisco

SOLE AGENTS

FOR THE

Sharps Rifle Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR CALIFORNIA, OREGON, ARIZONA, NEVADA

WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND IDAHO

Also, Agents for W. W. GREENER'S Celebrated Wedgelast, Chokebore, Breech-loading DOUBLE GUNS; and all kinds of GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. AMMUNITION of all kinds, in quantities to suit

WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL.,.....JULY 5, 1879

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

For Superior Judge,
E. R. BUSH.
For Member of the Assembly,
D. N. HERSHEY.
For Sheriff,
JNO. D. LAWSON
For Clerk,
H. B. PENDEGAST.
For Recorder,
J. O. MAXWELL.
For Treasurer,
A. C. KEAN.
For Assessor,
FRED. KLAYS.
For District Attorney,
W. H. GRANT.
For Superintendent of Schools,
JNO. W. GOIN.
For Surveyor,
L. EVERETT.
For Public Administrator,
S. L. MONDAY.
For Coroner,
P. KRELLENBERG.
For Justice of the Peace, Cache Creek Township,
E. PETERSON.
For Constable, Cache Creek Township,
S. MONTGOMERY.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention which met in Sacramento this week was about the liveliest gathering ever held within the walls of the State Capitol. The was a strong effort made by some of the delegates, urged on by the *Chronicle* and interested outsiders, to form a coalition with the H. B.'s, the latter party agreeing to give the Democrats the judiciary, provided the would endorse the balance of the H. B. ticket. Fortunately there were enough good honest delegates from the country in the convention to prevent any such bargain and sale, and a straight ticket was put up. At one time the fight waxed very warm, and the actions of some of the delegates were simply disgraceful. By strenuous efforts the cooler heads succeeded in bringing the hotter ones down to a more sensible point, and when that was done the proceedings were marked with the exercise of good judgment. The ticket, which we publish elsewhere, is a good one, and should command the support of the undivided Democratic party. If Democrats will do their duty it can be elected, but it will take hard work and unity of action.

CONSISTENCY.

By their nominations the H. B's have lost what little reputation for consistency they had acquired prior to the meeting of their State Convention. They started out by nominating a man for Governor, who was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention, and who would not accept the nomination of the H. B. party except as an endorsement. Then they put up a man for Secretary of State who voted against the new Constitution. They did not stop to inquire whether a man had qualifications or not—all they wanted to know was if the aspirant was in for a new organization. If he was, he posessed all the honesty and ability required. Their oft repeated statement that they wanted to place the new instrument in the hands of its friends, and those that voted for it were its friends, could not have been uttered in good faith judging from the nominations made by their State Convention. The great need of the new party is a consistent course, which its members can pursue. They have not or can not agree on one, and the only thing they do agree on is the idea that they were all born for the purpose of filling some office at the request of the people. The people will quietly but earnestly inform them of their mistake on the 3d of September.

The Republicans have engaged Blaine, Conkling, Sherman, Logan, Chandler, and others to make speeches during the coming campaign in Ohio, and will begin work about the first of September. It will be useless for them to flaunt the bloody shirt, as both Ewing and Rice, Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, fought nobly for the Union, while the Republican candidates were at home doing loud talking, but no fighting. Ewing will be the next Governor of Ohio.

HENRY C. GESFORD.

The young man whose name heads this article is the nominee of the Democratic State Convention for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. As Henry is an old schoolmate of ours, we want to say a good word in his favor, if he did whale us once when we were boys together. He is at present County Superintendent of Schools for Napa county, and has filled the position with credit to himself and to the people. Although a young man, he is possessed with more than average ability, and is what is known as a self-made man. He will doubtless stump the State for his ticket during the campaign, and as he is a fine speaker he will make many votes for himself as well as the balance of the ticket. That he may be elected to the position to which he aspires is our earnest wish, as we know him to be both honest and capable.

The Woodland *Standard* says Page, the Republican nominee for Congress, can easily be beaten in the race; but the only reasons given for that assertion are: First, because he was beaten in his suit with the San Francisco *Chronicle*; and second, because the *Chronicle* has charged him with buying votes at $3 per head. Now, friend Hackett, suppose the *Chronicle* should charge you or some good friend of yours with the same offense, would you deem it worth while to answer the charge, coming from that source?—*Yolo Mail.*

If the charge were a false one we would be very likely to answer it, and prove to the public that it *was* false But if they should bring reliable witnesses to prove the truth of their assertions, as the *Chronicle* has done in this case, we would keep dark and live in the hopes the people would forget it. Not only the *Chronicle*, but the Truckee *Republican* one of the leading Radical organs in this State, claims to possess facts that will convict Mr. Page if he is brought to trial on the charge, and says of him in an editorial on the subject: "He has done more to lower, to degrade the honorable position of Congressman from California than any other man ever sent to Washington." After such a condemnation from his own party, there is no need of any further remarks.

A Very Correct View.

The Stockton *Herald* has given a very correct general view of the character of the late Radical State Convention, wherein it remarks that it has been praised by its own members and by the organs of the party, as being the best State Convention ever held in California. It cannot be denied that it faithfully represented the Republican party, but it cannot be maintained that it represented the people of the State. It represented the corporations, the monopolist and aggregated wealth of California, but it did not represent the people. There was probably never a State Convention in California in which so many wealthy men occupied seats as Delegates as in the late Republican State Convention. The wealthy men all, or nearly all, supported the successful candidate for Governor. It was truthfully remarked by a prominent Delegate that the Convention did not reflect the views of the people of California, but the views of the wealthly men of the State. It remains now to be seen which party is in the majority, the "millions or the millionaires," In the Constitutional campaign the line was drawn only less sharply, and the "unthinking majority" won. If the "unthinking majority" shall act thoughtfully, the issue will not be doubtful.

Of all the Surveyor-Generals California has had, she has never had one that conducted the affairs of the office as economically and honestly as has present incumbent, Gen. Wm. Minis of Yolo, and the Democratic Convention did a wise thing in renominating him. If the people of this State believe in keeping a good officer when they find one, they can not do better than cast their votes for Gen. Minis.

When the *Chronicle* failed in its plot of a bargain and sale with the Democratic Convention, and that body put up a straight ticket, the tone of the live paper immediately changed to the whine of a sick leader of a forlorn hope, and the members of the new party all joined in the chorus.

The Napa *Reporter* says "if our peopeople would like to see a monopolist Governor of California, they should vote for Geo. C. Perkins. If, however, they do not desire to see one of the C. P. R. R. Co. occupying the first office of the State, they should join with the Democracy and help defeat him."

THE TICKET.

The following is the ticket nominated by the Democratic State Convention at Sacramento this week: For Governor—Hugh J. Glenn, Colusa; For Lieut-Governor—Levi Chase, San Diego; For Secretary of State—W. J. Tinnin, Trinity; For State Treasurer—G. T. Pauli, Sonoma; For Controller—W. B. C. Brown, Sacramento; For Attorney-General, Jo Hamilton, Placer; For Surveyor-General—Wm. Minis, Yolo; For Clerk of Supreme Court—D. B. Woolf, San Francisco; For Superintendent of Public Instruction—Henry C. Gesford, Napa; For Chief Justice—R. F. Morrison, San Francisco; For Associates—S. B. McKee, Alameda; E. W. McKinstry, San Francisco; E. M. M. Ross, Los Angeles; T. B. Reardon, Nevada; T. P. Stoney, Napa; J. Thornton, San Francisco. State Board of Equalization—First District—(To be filled at San Francisco.) Second District—Chas. H. Randall, Calaveras. Third District, Caleb E. Wilcoxon, Sutter. Fourth District—T. D. Heiskell, Stanislaus. Railroad Commissioners—First District—G. J. Carpenter, El Dorado. Second District—(To be filled at San Francisco). Third District—Geo. B. Stoneman, Los Angeles.

OHIO'S TRAMP LAW.

Ohio has enacted a tramp law which is a disgrace to civilization. It visits from one to three years' imprisonment upon those who kindle a fire on the highway or enter a yard without the consent of the owner or occupant. In this law there are possibilities for the enactment of more legal cruelties than were practiced even under the infamous workhouse and debtor laws of England. It acts upon tho entirely erroneous principle that every tramp is a scoundrel. It is oppressive, unjust, outrageous. Men traveling from place to place in search of employment are often forced to kindle fires to cook what little food they may have. Law, which should be but another name for Justice, consigns them to a prison cell for their audacity. It is necessary, frequently, that they enter yards in search of work or provisions. Again, Law says that unless they have first asked the owner if they can have permission to open the gate and enter upon his domains, that a prison cell shall be their fate. Ohio needs a Dickens to bring the blush of shame to her cheeks and force her to wipe the shameful law from her statute books. California journals are demanding a tramp law for this State. Let it be one that shall be just, if it be severe. Otherwise, it were better that we have none than to have such a one as now blemishes the statute books of Ohio. Even tramps are human beings, and have some rights which civilization and humanity are bound to respect.

The Democratic party is not so nearly "busted" as, from the tone of the Republican press, one would be led to imagine. The principles which constitute Democracy will never die; and the dangerous centralization of power during the past 15 years, and the intrigues of the office holding aristocracy have re-awakened Democratic sentiment, and will agitate the public mind until the gross evils in State and national politics are remedied. The Democratic party is pre-eminently the party for the people. Some time ago the Democratic prospects in this State were not very flattering; but reports at the present time from various counties of the State make the outlook cheerful. Democratic journals, among them those that worked most zealously for the new Constitution are pronounced in favor of adhesion to old principles, and a strict party fight. The national question which is involved in this election absorbs all others, and for the sake of it alone Democrats ought to be true to their colors.—*Hollister Telegraph.*

The San Francisco *Examiner* has entered upon its 29th volume. The subscription price of the *Examiner* has lately been reduced to 15 cents per week, the same as the other dailies, and every Democrat in the State should be a subscriber. It is ably edited and always consistent.

The Winters *Advocate* has been removed to Woodland, enlarged to a six-column, eight-page paper, and is issued under the name of the Woodland *Standard*. Hackett, its editor, is a sententious, pertinent writer, and publishes an interior paper brim full of thoughts.—*Hollister Telegraph.*

How their chins have dropped! We mean those H. B.'s who went to Sacramento with the expectation of being endorsed by the Democrats.

The Republican ticket will have to back in, if it gets in at all this year. The head of the ticket will be last in the race.

The Winters *Advocate* that was, has become the Woodland *Standard*, with Mr. Dwight L. Hackett still the editor and proprietor. It hoists the Democratic flag and will do good service under it. The paper has been enlarged and improved, and it deserves bountiful support from all.—*S. F. Examiner.*

H. B. PENDEGAST

Regular Democratic Candidate for

COUNTY CLERK

HOUSEKEEPERS,

And all who have occasion to use

ILLUMINATING OIL,

Will find it greatly to their advantage to call at

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON'S

DRUG STORE,

And examine the quality and price of the finest

STANDARD

White Kerosene Oil

Which we guarantee equal to any made for

Lasting Brilliancy and Safety.

We will sell this oil by the

QUART,
GALLON,
CASE,
OR BARREL,

At a Lower Price

Than inferior oils are now sold for throughout the State.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON.

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND.

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,

Grain Bags,

Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

SUBSCRIBE FOR

—THE—

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 50 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

WINTERS

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

Main St., Winters, Yolo Co.

BOWEN BROS., Props.

may10-tf

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

mar15

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

The STANDARD is late to-day because yesterday was the Fourth of July. If that isn't a good reason we would like to know what is. We would state however, that the Fourth of July is about the only thing that can delay us. We can compete with anything but the American eagle, and we freely acknowledge that he is too much for us.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The "Foxtails" say that the Democrats stole their candidate for Governor.

"Sonny's" communication from Winters arrived too late for publication.

New Constitution Cigars at St. Louis' Variety Store. The best in Woodland *

There were a large number of people present from all parts of the county at the celebration.

Jones' Band went up to Orland, Colusa county, Thursday, to furnish music for the celebration on the Fourth.

The most popular cigar is the "Bumblebee" and the best brand of tobacco is the "Gravely," to be had at Elston's Drug Store. *

The Horribles took in $106 at their entertainment at Washington Hall last night. It was a success financially if not otherwise.

The oration of Rev. Th. Beaizley was one of the finest we ever heard, and we have heard many others express the same opinion.

The Woodland Hebrew Association will hold its regular monthly meeting to-morrow, (Sunday) at the residence of A. Alexander.

T. J. Dexter was elected School Trustee of this School District last Saturday, receiving 117 votes out of a total of 121 votes cast.

Our business men exhibited their patriotism by decorating their places of business yesterday, and it gave the streets a beautiful appearance.

We want a few thousand subscribers yet, $2.00 a year is a small amount; but will furnish you with plenty of good reading for a year.

A child that will deny its own father is of little account. The "Foxtails" deny that they are the creature of the *Chronicle*, but it is true nevertheless.

Quite a number of people from Sacramento were in attendance at our celebration yesterday. Among others, was the editor of the Sacramento *Sunday Times*.

The dry grass near Hunt & Stevens' warehouse got on fire yesterday, and for a short time, the warehouses were in danger. Fire crackers were the cause.

The hotels did a rushing business yesterday. There were at least ten dollars brought into Woodland for every one expended by our citizens for the celebration.

If Hon. J. M. Kelley don't run any better in his race for member of the Board of Equalization than he did for School Trustee last Saturday, he had better withdraw now.

And now come the Republicans to the front with the rumor that they are to have an evening daily issued from the office of the *Mail*, and that it will make its appearance about the 16th inst.

We are doing some of the finest job work ever done in Woodland. Our new type looks mighty fine in Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Circulars, Statements, etc., etc. San Francisco prices at the STANDARD office.

Nearly every day we hear of some new party man who is going to scratch certain names on the "Foxtail" ticket. It would not surprise us to see the whole ticket so badly scratched that its own father would not recognize it.

Ice cream and refreshments were plentiful in Woodland yesterday. The ladies of the Relief Society, Library, Methodist Church, and Catholic Church were kept busy at their respective stands supplying the aforesaid articles to the hungry crowd.

Although Woodland may not turn out the largest procession in the State on the Fourth of July, it is generally headed by one of the best bands in the country. Compliments were heard on all sides yesterday whenever the Ellis Band appeared.

On Wednesday last, George Beaizley, eldest son of Rev. Th. Beaizley, accidently got his right hand in contact with a circular saw at Caldwell Bros'. Planing Mill, and had the forefinger of that member cut nearly off and the hand otherwise badly lacerated. He was taken to Proctor's drug store, where Dr. Ross dressed the wounds, and it is hoped that the usefullness of the hand will not be destroyed.

Home Industry.

Just as we expected, the *Mail* comes out this week and gives it to us about getting our "inside" printed in San Francisco. Well, if some one should step in and furnish a better paper than we do for less money, we don't know but what we would feel rather sore too. The *Mail* man talks about "fraud on home industry," but when he wants any new type he goes to San Francisco, and instead of purchasing American type, which is by far the best, he goes to the Scotch type depot of Miller & Richard, and buys a foreign article. We shall continue to use a patent inside, as it gives our subscribers more for their money than we could otherwise afford to give them, but we shall always endeavor to get it printed somewhere in the United States. "Consistency, thou art a jewel" of such value that the *Mail* is too poor to possess you.

The Celebration.

The celebration of the Fourth of July by the citizens of Woodland yesterday, was a complete success in every particular. In the early morning the people began arriving in town from all parts of the county, and by nine o'clock the streets were filled with old and young, clad in holiday attire, and filled with enough patriotism to be intent on having a joyful celebration. The day was all that could be desired. A gentle breeze was blowing from the north, but it was a cool one, and the thermometer did not get over 85 degrees in the shade at any time. At 11 o'clock the procession formed on Railroad street, near the College, and marched to Cross street, thence to Main, up Main to Elm, countermarched to Sixth, and thence to the grounds, which were situated south of the R. R. depot in a grove of oak trees.

THE PROCESSION

Was headed by Jno. D. Lawson as Grand Marshal, with Miss Kate Cross, First Assistant. Then came the Ellis Brass Band, the Woodland Cadets, the Triumphal Car, field with beautiful little girls representing the different States, then a carriage containing the officers of the day, followed by the Woodland Fire Department, our City Fathers, and wagons representing the various business houses, and a long line of carriages containing citizens. The Woodland Cadets are a company of young boys of about 14, and presented a fine appearance armed with carbines and dressed in uniform. They also showed considerable proficiency in their drill.

Arriving on the grounds, the crowd was called to order by the Marshal, who introduced the President of the Day, Maj. F. S. Freeman, who, after a few remarks announced the programme as follows: Music, by the Band; Prayer, Rev. E. M. Stuart; Music; Reading of Declaration, Geo. Pierce; Music; Oration, Rev. Th. Beaizley; Music; Adjournment. The exercises were very interesting throughout, and held the crowd until completed. The oration was an able effort, and was listened to with marked attention throughout.

The grounds presented a lively appearance. It is estimated that there were 4,000 people present at one time, and the Ladies Relief Society did a rushing business in supplying them with ice cream and refreshments. In the afternoon the crowd moved back to town to witness the outburst of

THE HORRIBLES,

which occured at 3 o'clock. And of all the motley crowds of decrepit horses, broken down wagons, and outlandish looking beings, this was the worst. After marching through the principal streets, they proceeded to the grounds occupied by the morning exercises, and went through a burlesque entertainment, to the edification of a much larger and more enthusiastic crowd than that collected in the morning. Some of the burlesques in the procession were decidedly good. Notably, the Skidmore Guards, Chinese Laundry, Menagerie, Plug Hat Braigade, Baby Elephant; Phaeton containing Woodland Aristocracy, Fire Department, Jockey Club, Sand Lotters, and many others, and judging from the shouts of laughter that accompanied the route of the procession, they were highly enjoyed by the lookers on.

In the evening a large crowd assembled at Washington Hall to witness an entertainment given by the Horribles, after which the Ellis Band gave a dance, which was largely attended. The whole celebration was a complete success, and proves that Woodland can have a good celebration and plenty of enjoyment, with a small outlay of money, and without going abroad for talent.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

Several accidents happened during the day, but none of a serious nature. When the Horribles were turning the Bank corner, a team attached to a carriage containing several ladies, became frightened, and one of the horses fell down, stopping the procession until the team could be unhitched and led away.

On the grounds, Wm. Gibson's team collided with a buggy and the result was a broken wheel. Near Pockman's stable on Main street two buggies came in contact, and the shaft of one was broken short off. These collisions and accidents all occurred during the passage of the Horrible procession, the people being so anxious to see all that was to be seen that they became reckless. In the morning a boy tied his horse to one of the poles of the tent occupied by the ladies of the Relief Society, and the horse pulled back and drew the tent down on the tables, scattering dishes and creating confusion. Among all the accidents we have not heard of any one being hurt, and the day was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable Fourths ever seen in Woodland.

Pure Kentucky Whiskies and Peach Brandy for medicinal purposes at Elston's Drug Store. *

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.—The following officers will be installed by Capay Lodge, No. 230, I. O. O. F., on Saturday evening, 19th inst: N. G., G. L. Parker; V. G., Chas. Reardon; R. S., E. B. Hughes; Treas., E. B. Aldrich. On the 15d inst. Capay Encampment No, 62, will install the following officers: C. P., E. E. Perkins; H. P., J. H. Norton; S. W., G. L. Parker; J. W., E. B. Aldrich; S., E. B. Hughes; Treas., C. R. Reardon. All members of the orders are cordially invited to be present on these occassions.

On Thursday afternoon the foxtail in the vacant lot just South of the Hospital got on fire, and a large crowd was attracted to the spot, thinking it was a house that was burning. A few citizens with wet sacks managed to extinguish the fire before any damage was done. This foxtail is just like the party. It won't stand fire worth a cent, and after a fire has passed over it, there is nothing left but what the slightest wind can blow away.

A Mistake.

The *Democrat* in a very generous notice of the apperance of the STANDARD, says we have placed the subscription price of our paper too low, the object being to "cut under the price of the other weekly papers already established, in order to obtain subscribers." We acknowledge that we placed the price at $2.00 in order to obtain subscribers, and we are also happy to announce that we are meeting with great success. The majority of the papers in this State, while not paying near as large wages for help as they used to ten years ago, still stick to the old '49 prices for subscription. The weeklies published in the Eastern States do not pretend to charge more than $1.50 or $2.00 per year for a subscription, and by so doing acquire large lists. We can afford to furnish the STANDARD for $2.00 per year and we believe the people can better afford to pay $2.00 than $3.00. The *Democrat* in the same article says, "We had not supposed there was any need of, or field for, another Democratic paper in Woodland," and "Time will determine whether we were right." All we have to say is this: We have already ascertained that there is a field for us in Woodland, and the STANDARD is already a fixture in the town. If any thing is going to come to an end very soon it is not this paper

There is nothing so refreshing as those ice-cold drinks from the Arctic Soda Fountain at Elston's Drug Store. *

Letter from Winters.

WINTERS, June 30, 1879.

ED. STANDARD:—Our town "still waves," streets are thronged with men on Saturday and Sunday. Last Sunday we had several pitched battles, some two or three broken heads, several dislocated probocises, and blood enough to dip the aforesaid flannel shirt in and give it such a crimson hue that it would tend to make the most timid Republican "brace-up," and any Democrat that happened to be on the fence bounce off too quick. We had a man for dinner to-day—not slaughtered by the red hand of the midnight assassin—but a man that fell before the foe of civilization, alcohol. Poor fellow. He is now lying cold and still in a stable awaiting the coming of the Coroner. No friends, no kindred. Where else can that inhumanity be found that will compare with man's inhumanity to man. We had a school election last Saturday for trustee, which was quite spirited. V. Morris and Dr. Gregory being the opposing candidates, and the result was, Morris 10, Gregory 43. The "Temple of Justice" is as ever thronged with the festive sand lotters, who make affidavit by the "horn spoon," that they will elect the whole business from Constable up. Everybody seems to be pleased with the improved appearance of your paper. Accept these items from a friend that longs to win you back from your erring course.

R. CLARK.

WANTED.—A candidate for the Legislature on the Republican ticket. He must be a Republican; one who voted for the new Constitution; must weigh at least two hundred and eighty pounds; must be cleaned-shaved; a man of *cheek*; and the owner of at least one jackass. The above conditions will be insisted on, and if fully met, no further questions will be asked. Apply at once to JEHU GASHWILER, Sect'y.

Caleb E. Wilcoxon, of Sutter county, the Democratic candidate for Member of State Board of Equalization, for this district, is spoken of by those who know him, as a gentleman well qualified for the position, and with a reputation for honesty and integrity that is above reproach. He is very popular in his own county which is a good deal more than some of the other candidates for the position can say of themselves.

Winters Items.

Dr. Norwood was robbed of $12 while asleep in his hotel on Thursday night.

Several farmers have finished heading their grain, and a few have finished threshing.

Cantelopes are being shipped to San Francisco by our gardeners, and several loads of watermelons have been brought into town, refreshing our wearied citizens.

Rev. Mr. Dunton will preach in the Christian Church to-morrow.

Business has taken a start "up hill."

The weather is cooler this week than the past.

Sim Blum and Ed. Fisher were in town last Wednesday.

Many of our citizens visited Woodland on the 4th. B. B,

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The Illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size.

Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

DE PUE & Co., Publishers.

Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

DRUGGISTS.

[SUCCESSORS TO MACK WEBBER.]

One Door West of Express Office,

WOODLAND.

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), *Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Chest Protectors Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the*

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

French and English Perfumery,

BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,

A Fine Lot of

FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a full assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS'

STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected took of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.

"DOMESTIC"

THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and Enduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and peafect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, **J. W. EVANS,**
29 Post Street, San Francisco.
Mechanic's Institute Building.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

ap26

Great Bargains!

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

NEW FIRM!

H. R. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

Prather & Holmes,

DENTISTS,

First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL.

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Rumor's Growth.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,
While shopping in the town:
"Old Mrs. Fry to me remarked,
Smith bought his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
When buying her a gown:
"I've heard it said to-day, my dear,
Smith got his goods of Brown."

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
With something of a frown:
"I've heard strange news—what do you think?
Smith stole his goods from Brown."

Then Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town:
"I've heard to-day such shocking news!
mith stole his goods from Brown."

Other People's Business.

There is scarcely anything more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth. Mark Ripon had never known such women, and I offer this fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.

He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtersgate, Ripon; and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Wholesome food, stout clothing, and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the veriest pauper. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no *home*, no mother, and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his chagrin and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own idea was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd, and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, though as the latter grew up to manhood, he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women, and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.

One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's Bank, and preferred a *home*." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advices and entreaties.

He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who, in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom, and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed women universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. Downes that exception said to be contingent on every rule, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs. George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

"Very well, ma'am," said Mark, suspiciously, to himself, "we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day."

So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession as to the drive in the rain; but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on a Monday. On Thursday, at the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went out on three different days, and twice, the weather being fine, he noticed that she wore her very best satin dress, the rich blue brocade that had been one of her wedding suits.

The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions. On the next Monday he had a carriage waiting, and when the lady went out again he directed his driver to keep her well in sight. In this way he followed her beyond the aristocratic precincts of the city, to a little house set back in a garden quite in the suburbs. A very handsome foreign-looking man met her at the door, and led her with many smiles into the house.

Mark sent his carriage home, and, in spite of the cold, patiently waited. After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downe's carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and she must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain merino dress at the window, nursing his namesake. She ran to the door and begged him to come in, but Mark was full of his discovery, and answered, gruffly, "Ask George to come to me after dinner; I have something to tell him."

George heard what his godfather had to say, with a face half angry and half incredulous. "It must have been my wife's sister," he said.

Mark laughed scornfully at such a defense, and, moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes, and not Mrs. Downe's sister. "Come on Thursday, and see for yourself, George."

"If I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong."

Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most adroit questioning get from his wife any allusion to these mysterious visits. At length he said, "Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Aldborough Woods, and get the holly and mistletoe for Christmas. What do you say?"

"I can't go Thursday, George dear; I have so much to do."

"What have you to do?"

"More than I can tell you. Is it not near Christmas, and does not that imply all sorts of housekeeping duties? But I will go with you Friday, dear."

George was a little cross at the refusal, and answered, gloomily, "No; he had lost the wish to go now." Then both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next day he told himself that he would not go and watch his wife Thursday; yet when the day came he was sitting with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaborately dressed as if she was going to a state dinner at the bishop's palace, ran down the steps, and was soon driven rapidly away.

"Well, godfather," he said, pleasantly, "that is Emma, certainly, and she is very remarkably dressed; but, for all that, I am sure she has some good reason for what she is doing. I believe I will wait until she tells me."

"Don't be such a fool, George; go and question your servants."

After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The house-maid seemed astonished at his appearance, and when he asked where her mistress was, said she had not seen her since she had taken her orders for dinner. Then George went up to the nursery. "Where is your mistress, Ann?"

"Is she not in the parlor, sir?"

"You know she is not. Where did she go in the carriage?"

"Indeed, sir, it is my business to mind the children; the mistress knows her own affairs, without the likes of me meddling in them."

He turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon, and got an accurate description of the house to which he had traced Mrs. George; and in half an hour the half-curious and half-angry husband stopped at the pretty cottage. All was quiet about it, there was no appearance of company, it looked almost deserted in its wintry garden.

An exceedingly lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying, in an inquiring voice, "You want the signor, Sar?"

"No, I wish to see Mrs. Downes; she is here, I believe?"

"Ah, yes; she is here. If you will please to go up one stair. I am so weak and tired always."

She pointed to the stairs, and George went thoughtfully up them. Half way there was a little landing and a door, and here he heard a strange musical voice, and then his wife's merry laugh to its observation. It nettled George; he knocked sharply, and before an answer could be given opened the door and went into the room.

"Oh, George, how provoking! What made you come, dear?"

His wife was sitting in all her bridal finery on a little elevated platform, and Signor Sarti was putting the last touches to a very lovely portrait of her.

"I meant it for your Christmas gift, George, and you have peeped beforehand. Is not that too bad?"

"Indeed it is, Emma." But Emma was almost satisfied with his peeping, so proudly and lovingly did he take her home.

"How did you find me out, George?"

"Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage, that you got the carrriage at Morrel's. But how do you come to know this Frenchman?"

"You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from London to paint my lord bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so much better here that he resolved to spend the winter in Yorkshire, and try and make enough to take her home to Italy in the spring. My lord asked me to have my picture done, and papa paid for it, in order to surprise you. I think, George dear, you had better not let papa know you have spoiled his surprise."

George felt more and more sorry and humiliated as he looked in the pretty, frank face, and thought how cheerfully, after all, she had taken the forestallment of her Christmas secret.

"I will do as you say, Emma. Has the signor plenty of work?"

"He is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits."

George let the subject drop now as quickly as possible to Emma; but he talked a good deal about it—and in no very good temper—to his godfather. For once Mark had no excuse for his suspicions. He was quite awed by the fact that he had dared to think wrong of interviews which the bishop had arranged and honored with his presence.

He had lost faith in his own penetration regarding the sex, and George and Emma were quietly at some pains to convince him that good and true women are the rule, and not the exception.

And though I cannot describe exactly how it came about, I know that the next Christmas Mark was the gayest old bachelor in Ripon, and opened the festival ball at George's house with Signor Sarti's handsome sister—the very same lady whom the bishop himself, very soon afterward, made Mrs. Mark Ripon.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Women of To-day.

Out of 436 missionaries in China, 310 of them are women.

Since the war 200,000 negroes have joined the Methodist church.

Thirty-eight ladies have obtained degrees in France as Doctors and Bachelors of Arts.

There were 835 notable works of art exhibited by the lady artists in London at a recent exhibition.

A lady was recently appointed Professor of Domestic Science in the Illinois State Industrial School.

Mrs. Judith Russell, of Massachusetts, a sister of the late George Peabody, has made a bequest of $10,000 to the public library of Georgetown, Mass. This is to increase the library and support a reading room, and the remainder of the fund is to be al owed to accumu late for the erection of a new library buildng.

Every girl who passes through the Boston schools now receives three years' instruction in various kinds of needlework, and is capable of being an expert seamstress. It is said that the benefits resulting from this instruction are seen in the improved appearance of the children's clothing in the schools and are felt in thousands of homes.

There were 421 competitors at the prize exhibition of needle work in Oxford the second week in May. The prizes were given to the children of the public elementary schools, to pupil teachers and to domestic servants. In taking cooking and sewing schools along with other studies, children are being taught something useful as well as ornamental.

The Director of the United States Bureau of Statistics, when asked in regard to the experiment of employing women in his department, answered, "they made the best of clerks, were honest and faithful, not given to gossip, kept their books well, and were, as a class, finely educated." Women clerks have been employed for six years in Michigan's State offices, and its officers have said as much as the above and even more.

Miss Irish is a young lady only 20 years old, who has been employed as Assistant Librarian in the Department of the Interior, and has been doing the foreign correspondence in that department. She speaks and writes German, Spanish and Italian, and is credited with uncommon tact and discretion in conducting the correspondence. She translated one volume of the novelist Auerbach's works which so pleased him that he has engaged her to translate all of his later works.

A curious demonstration occurred in London, the other day, where a large deputation of women from the army clothing department sought a interview with the High Court of Parliament to complain of the deprivation by the Government of nearly one-fourth of their wages. Of course, they were not admitted to the hall, but their case will be pleaded for all that. An unpleasant fact connected with the affair is that while the government has cut down the wages of the women, no man has lost a penny by the economies of the department.

There was much more fact than fancy in the cross reply of an unfortunate female culprit, when under cross-examination in a petty court, by browbeating a limb of the law. "Madam," he demanded, "what sort of conduct have you pursued through life, that should subject you to the suspicion of this outrage upon the plaintiff?" She answered: "Impudence, which has been the *making* of you, has caused my *ruin*."

A patent has just been issued to Miss Harriet G. Hosmer by the United States Patent Office for her process of making artificial marble, regarding which so much has been said. The claims set forth that limestone, or other like substance, including alabaster stone, may be given the appearance and uniform hardness throughout of natural marble in its various colors by the application of moist heat or heat in the form of steam, in combination with a bath of alum and water, or with various baths composed of different chemicals and coloring materials.

Intelligence Items.

In Kansas they now put their wheat crop at a possible 40,000,000 bushels.

With the ancient Greeks and Romans June was a favorite month for marrying.

A New York dispatch reports that two carrier pigeons flew 245 miles in 232 minutes Friday.

Virginia is suffering from an invasion of the army worm, which can't be kept out by "riders."

England's fun in Zululand costs her $2,500,000 a week, and Cetewayo seems harder to beat than ever.

A man at Long Branch drank poison, in mistake for whisky, and died, instead of going crazy for three or four days.

A salutary law has been enacted by the Illinois Legislature, prohibiting savings banks to loan money to their officers.

The New York post office receives 50,000 inaccurately addressed letters a day. What a commentary upon human "shiftlessness."

The Michigan supreme court has decided that property in that State must be assessed at full cash value, or the assessment rolls will be invalid.

The Mississippi schools have an attendance of 100,676, white pupils and 104,799 colored ones. The white school population of the State is 158,156, the colored 160,088.

The charge of telegraphing from New York to Yokohama is $3 05 cents a word; but the code or cipher is so well systematized by certain mercantile houses that a single word serves for a dozen when transcribed.

While making an excavation for a new building at Charing Cross, London, the other day, the workmen came on the fossil remains of various extinct animals at depths varying from fifteen to thirty feet. Among the objects discovered were elephant tusks and molars, the teeth and many of the bones of the extinct gigantic ox, and a portion of the horn of the great extinct Irish deer. Some of the fossils have not yet been identified.

The Chinese Government has purchased machinery and engaged experienced engineers in Germany to go out to China and establish mills there. The government hopes by this means to make its country independent of English and Russian manufactures. The *Scientific American* says of this statement: "Should the Chinamen, in his own home, take kindly to Western methods of labor, the industrial and commercial States of the world would speedily be revolutionized."

NOT OVERWORK.—A writer in the New York *Times* thinks that "overwork" is carrying, just now, much more than its share. He says:

Numberless men, alleged to be hurt by overwork, do not work half enough. Their trouble comes from superabundance of leisure and activity.

They yawn through three or four hours in the office or counting room; are too indolent to walk up town; eat too heavy and rich a dinner; go out afterwards to see merchants, bankers and the like, and join boon companions who walk around billiard tables or sit at cards, and keep very thirsty until the drowsy steeples toll two and three. This is overwork, but overwork in the wrong direction, and of a very different kind from that supposed.

Overwork covers a multitude of bad habits; it is made a scapegoat for countless transgressions; it is very often a shallow pretence, a miserable sham.

While there are far too many who overwork, there are a great many that break down and kill themselves by laziness, self-indulgence and dissipation. Very decidedly, overwork is overdone.

SPANISH PICKLE.—One peck green tomatoes, six onions (sliced thin), spread on them a little salt; let them drain over night; to one quart of vinegar add two quarts of water; boil tomatoes fifteen minutes, take out and let them drain; afterwards take three quarts of vinegar, two pounds sugar, two tablespoonfuls allspice, same of cinnamon and mustard, one teaspoonful ginger and cayenne pepper; boil the whole twenty minutes.

Beef that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquid when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

The Vital Energies,

When depressed by fatigue, bodily or mental, by exhausting diseases, or the influence of a debilitating temperature, should be reinforced—physicians tell us—by some wholesome stimulant; and among those which have been tested and administered by them, none has received such hearty recommendation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has been preferred by them from the fact that its spirituous basis, which is of the purest description, is modified by, and made the vehicle for, the vegetable medicinal principles incorporated with it. These latter render it conspicuously serviceable in cases of general debility, constipation, and other disorders of the bowels; in dyspepsia, nervous affections, urinary and uterine ailments, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, which it prevents as well as remedies; and in liver complaint. A household stock of medicines can scarcely be called complete without this inestimable medicine.

The New St. George Stables.

The new St. George stables on Bush street, just above Kearney, and next to the California Theater will be open for inspection next Wednesday, the 25th of this month. This stable, for finish, light, convenience, and ventilation, is certainly surpassed by no stable in this country. Each stall has a separate ventilator; the runs are very flat and carpeted with heavy rubber; the box stalls are made after the most improved plans; the carriage rooms are perfect, having a private street the length of the building twenty feet wide, which gives the advantage of light and fresh air; the harness room, office and waiting-room are highly finished with black walnut and white cedar. The building has been built by S. H. Seymon, and superintended by the lessee, Mr. A. B. Butler, who has had experience in the largest stables in the East. Mr. Butler will give this magnificent stable his personal attention, and with the assistance of his foreman, Mr. John Murphy, late of the Dexter Stables, will make it a comfortable and desirable place for the care and boarding of horses. Livery turnouts surpassed by none, and to be had at all hou s.—*Daily Alta Ca'iforn'a.*

Steadily Winning.

We doubt if there is a better weekly newspaper published anywhere in the United States than the San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE. It completely fulfills the most exacting idea of what such a publication should be, when neither effort nor expense is spared to produce it. Ably conducted, clearly printed, large in size, replete with news, and containing something of interest for every imaginable class of readers, it is steadily winning its way to an immense circulation.

WOOD TAG.

That's our name. We are a *cigar*, lately out—a real novelty. Our *wood tag* makes us burn straight. Every smoker trying us becomes our friend. We are very handsome, of elegant color, finish and workmanship. There's nothing like us in all these broad United States. We are put up in an elegant, artistic and unique box. In your next order to your jobber please send for a sample hundred or thousand of us, and we'll guarantee you'll be astonished at the trade we bring. We talk *loudly*, but that is because we are anxious to help you *make money* and see your cigar trade hum as it never hummed before. Remember, we're WOOD TAG, and every San Francisco cigar jobber, would be delighted to fill orders for us. Don't let your neighbor get in ahead, because we want YOU to have the credit and profit of first introducing us. So act at once. 416 and 418 Front St., San Francisco. WELLMAM PECK & CO.

Physicians. Druggists and the Ruptured!

The I-X-L Elastic Truss Co. desires to call your attention to the most positive retainer, combining comfort and ease, for rupture or hernia ever before the profession, patented March 11, 1879. It is the only Truss made which has an adjustible pad and positive position. The harness is worn above the hips and an extra belt supports the truss, insuring comfort and ease to the wearer. Price $6 00 with full guarantee. Elastic truss belts from 50 cts. to $1.00, according to length. Trade supplied. I-X-L Elastic Truss Co., 605 Sacramento St., S. F.

Mechanics' Institute Fair.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the Mechanics' Institute Fair will open in San Francisco on Tuesday, August 5th, and that those desirous of entering goods for exhibition should make application for space at once. Any information desired will be furnished by addressing J. H. Culyer, No. 27 Post St., S. F.

The Wilcox Pump.

This is unquestionably one of the best, cheapest and most durable pumps in use. The talented inventor has originated several improved pumps, but this new invention is his master-piece. Send for descriptive circulars to W. C. Wilcox, 417 Mission St., S. F.

C. J. Hawley & Co.

Our readers can not do better than to order their groceries from the above popular house. Orders may be made through Wells, Fargo & Co., or by P. O. order, and your goods will be sent in first-class order and at the lowest possible cost rates.

Wonderful Cures of Piles.

This great Indian remedy, Colique, taken internally, will give immediate relief, and a sure cure in a few days, as hundreds can attest in San Francisco city. Price, $5, delivered free. Dr. C. D. Crawford, No. 10 Sixth St., San Francisco.

Good Reason Why.

They make the very best pictures of all kinds at very reasonable rates and takes just as much pains with strangers as with their best city customers, is the reason we recommend you to the Imperial Gallery, 724½ Market St., San Francisco

Dentistry.

Dr. Cochrane, 850 Market St., S. F., as a dentist, stands at the head of his profession. Go to him if you want first-class work at reasonable rates.

J. W. SHAEFFER & CO'S GREEN SEAL CIGARS are guaranteed to be made of the finest Havana Tobacco. 328 Sacramento st., S. F.

ALL Photographs made at the New York Gallery, No. 25 Third St., S. F. are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETERS Proprietor.

J. F. HILL, manufacturer of Carriages, Buggies Express, Thorough Brace and Quartz Wagons, cor er J and 13th streets, P. O. box 238, Sacramento, Cal.

For the best Photographs and lowest prices, go to Wm. Shew, 115 Kearny St., San Francisco.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS

The Best Spring Medicine and Beautifier of the Complexion in use. Cures Pimples, Boils, Blotches, Neuralgia, Scrofula, Gout, Rheumatic and Mercurial Pains, and all Diseases arising from a disordered state of the Blood or Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONTGOMERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 227 Second st., San Francisco. 6 Meal Tickets, $1.

MRS. E. W. LENNETT, MEDIUM AND INDEpendent slate writer, 817 Bush St., San Francisco; just from the East. Hours, 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Dr. Spinney & Co.,

11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from thirty to sixty years of age suffering from general prostration and a weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous powers. Call or address as above.

THE HISTORY OF
THE DONNER PARTY.
A TRAGEDY OF THE SIERRAS.
By C. F. McGlashan.

AGENTS WANTED. Send $2.00 for sample Copy to Crowley & McGlashan, Publishers, Truckee, California.

NAPA
Collegiate Institute.
The 19th Session begins July 30, 1879.
A. LASHER, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

$1.00 ONE DOLLAR PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. $1.00
811 MARKET ST. Near Fourth, S. F.
Anything from a large size picture to frame, down to card size for $1.00. Our aim is to please.
J. Geo. Hucks, Prop'r. B. F. Howland, Op'r. $1.00

PORTABLE MILLS
And FRENCH BURR MILL STONES, Farmers' Small Feed Mills, and all styles of Mills for farming purposes and general mill furnishing and machinery. Address,
JOS. WAGNER & CO.,
105 and 107 Mission St., S. F.

CALIFORNIA
SACK HOLDER.
The best thing yet. Saves the labor of one man. Lasts a life-time. Every farm and mill should have one. Send for circulars and price list.
H. M. COVERT, General Agent.
306 Davis St., San Francisco.

Ormsby
The Photographer.
914 Market St., near the Baldwin, San Fran.
Send stamp for sample. Cabinet Photograph *free.*

AGENTS READ THIS.
We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper, you will please mention the name of the paper.

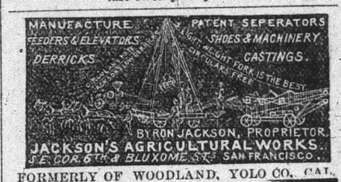
GREAT REDUCTION!
ST. GEORGE HOTEL.
812 Kearny Street, S. F.
OPENED ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.
Furnished Rooms from 25 to 50 cents per night, according to size and location. First-rate meals, 25 cents. Restaurant style three dishes for 25 cents; Steak and Coffee, 15c.; Coffee and Cakes, 10c. Board per week, $4. Good accommodations for families correspondingly low. Timothy Sargent, Manager.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco.
$1 25 and $1 50 PER DAY.
H. G. PATRIDGE, - - - - - - PROPRIETOR
Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. ☞Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

SELF-ACTING COW MILKER.

Greatest Labor-saving Invention of the Age. Used and recommended by the Leading Dairymen of the East. Sample with full directions, by mail, postpaid, $2.50. Liberal Inducements to Agents.
Patented May 28th, 1878
Send for Illustrated Circular.
SPENCE & CO., Sole Agents,
24 Geary St., San Francisco.

JOHN ROGERS & SONS,
GENERAL
STOCK AND SALE YARDS,
Cor. Market and Ninth sts., San Francisco.
DEALERS IN
HAY AND GRAIN
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.
John Rogers has been well known in S. F. for the last twenty-six years.



FORMERLY OF WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

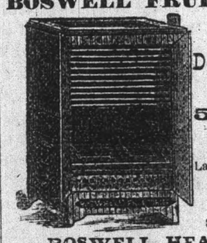
IRON PIPE, Plain and Galvanized.
BRASS COCKS For Water and Steam.
GARDEN HOSE, Best 3 ply.
Fittings, Sheet Zinc, Lead Pipe, Sewer Traps, Boilers, Bath Tubs, etc. Send for Price Lists.
W. R. ALLEN 761 Market street, SAN FRANCISCO.

TO KEEP THE HANDS SOFT,
The Complexion Clear,
THE TEETH WHITE,
THE BREATH FRAGRANT,
The Hair soft and silky retaining its natural color, and to prevent and remove premature wrinkles, use
Dr. Munckton's Liquid Glycerine Soap.
Factory 115 Leidesdorff St., S. F

PACIFIC WATER CURE
AND
Eclectic Health Institute,
NORTHWEST CORNER 7th AND L STS.
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, we with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address M. F. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.

CONCORD CARRIAGES.

REMOVAL.
The Concord Carriage Repository
Has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand.
T. S. EASTMAN, Agent.
46 New Montgomery St., S. F.

BOSWELL FRUIT DRYER.

Dries by Deflected Heat.
CAPACITY,
500 lbs.
Price, $75.
Large Sizes, to dry from 1000 to 4000 lbs.
—AT—
Special Rates.
BOSWELL HEATER CO.,
606 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

DIXON'S
AMERICAN GRAPHITE
EVERLASTING
AXLE
GREASE.
IT WON'T RUN. IT WON'T GUM.
For Sale by all Grocers.
W. HOLT, No. 717 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Agent for the Pacific Coast.

PHOSPHATE SOAPS.

It has recently been observed that putrid urine has the property to remove grease and dirt from the articles with which it comes into contact. At first it was thought that this property was due to the carbonate of ammonia present in the urine, but subsequent experiments have shown that this action depends entirely on the phosphates of the alkalies. A soap was therefore manufactured containing a certain percentage of phosphate of soda, which has proved to be very effectual in cleansing, more so than other soaps. It renders hard "water, containing much lime, soft," as the lime is precipitated as a phosphate. The phosphate soap is not injurious whatever, and does not affect the most delicate fabrics, while it is of beneficial influence on the skin. It may also be remarked that waste paper containing such soap may be used as a fertilizing agent for gardens. These soaps are now extensively manufactured in Germany and France.—*Chem. Zeitung.*

A Gorgeous Tomb.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from India, says:

The principle which inspires these magnificent and useless tombs is of Tartar origin. The Tartars, we are told, built their tombs in such a manner as to "serve for places of enjoyment for themselves and their friends during their lifetime." While the builder lives he uses the building as a house of recreation, receives his friends, gives entertainments. When he dies he is buried within the walls, and from that hour the building is abandoned. It is afterward a tomb, given alone to the dead. There is something Egyptian in this idea of a house of feasting becoming a tomb; of a great prince, as he walks amid crowds of retainers and friends, knowing that the walls that resound with laughter will look down on his dust. This will account for so many of the stupendous tombs that you find in Upper India. Happily that does not account for the Taj. If the Taj had been a Tartar idea—a house of merriment to the builder and of sorrow afterward—it would have lost something of the poetry that adds to its beauty. The Taj is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was well-known in her day as Mumtaz-i-Mabal, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615, to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and having borne him seven children, died in 1629, in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated, for she gave it up in the fulfillment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of the wife and mother to these gardens and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best authorities rating it at more than $2,000,000. Two millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty millions in our day. For seventeen years 20,000 men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

The effect of the Taj as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here, as in no part of India that I have visited, the wealth and beauty of nature in Hindostan. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, with all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path and bid you welcome as you saunter down the avenues and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out a spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the door of the building its greatness comes upon you—its greatness and its beauty. Mr. Keene took us to various parts of the garden, that we might see it from different points of view. I could see no value in one view beyond the other. And when our friends in the spirit of courteous kindness, pointed out the defects of the building—that it was too much this, or would have been perfect if it had been a little less of something else—there was just the least disposition to resent criticism and to echo the opinion of Mr. Borie, who, as he stood looking at the exquisite towers and solemn marble walls, said "It was worth coming to India to see the Taj." I value that criticism because it is that of a practical business man, concerned with affairs, and not disposed to see a poetic side to any subject. What he saw in the Taj was the idea that its founder meant to convey—the idea of solemn, overpowering and unapproachable beauty.

As you enter you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the center are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other days the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. The more closely you examine the Taj, the more perplexed you are to decide whether its beauty is to be found in the general effect of the design as seen from afar, or the minute and finished decorations which cover every wall. The general idea of the building is never lost. There is nothing trivial about the Taj, no grotesque Gothic moulding or flowering Corinthian columns—all is cold and white and chaste and pure. You may form an idea of the size of the Taj from the figures of the measurement of the royal engineers. From the base to the top of the center dome is 139½ feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, 243½ feet. It stands on the banks of the river Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble in which his own ashes could rest. But misfortune came to Shah Jehan—ungrateful children, strife, deposition—and when he died, his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from its peerless beauty.

The honest man who is out of debt, and has enough to eat and drink and wear, and a place to sleep beneath a tight roof, belongs to the aristocracy. With the smile of God and a place to labor, he has nothing to desire save the crown that awaits the promoted.

WATERMELON PICKLES.—Ten pounds of the rinds, boiled in water till tender; make a syrup of two pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar, half ounce cloves, one ounce cinnamon; this to be poured over the rind (boiling hot) three days in succession.

What Every House Needs.

One of the worst faults of our very faulty modern architecture, as applied to houses, is found in the fact that architects do not take into their plans the possibilities of sickness in the family. No house is properly constructed that has not in it a room or rooms expressly designed for the accommodation of the sick and the infirm. This room should have a warm sunny exposure. The window light should be ample and command the widest possible view. The next essential is a good liberal fire-place. By the warmth which it generates, and facilities for ventilation, the whole room is kept wholesome and pure. Not only so, but a slowly burning fire with its lights and shades, its rising sparks and glowing brands, its curling and many-colored smoke, and its changeful embers, furnishes ceaseless diversion to the sick one who lies watching it.

Nothing is more soothing and quieting than the influence which subtly steals over the senses of one who gazes dreamily into the gentle flame. It is companionship itself. The walls, too, should have their proper adornments. Pictures that suggest quiet and peace and the free, fresh life of nature outside, should be on them. A bracket with its vases of flowers; a green clambering vine, clinging ambitiously to the ceiling; a library case filled with familiar books; curtains that soften the light while admitting it—all these are helpful to one that lies in weakness and can take no more of life than the little room reveals. Better still, if just outside of the window stands a tree with the branches so placed that the leaves of some almost sweep the pane.

How much the sight of twigs, buds, and leaves, stirred by the wind and flecked with bright gleams of the sun, can cheer the mind of one who lies upon the pillow idly looking at them. The central thought expressed in a well constructed sick room is—diversion. The object of its construction and location should be to give perfect accommodation and protection to the invalid, while at the same time it suggests the beauty and freedom of being unconfined—the life and animation of the great out-door world beyond.

Cucumber Culture.

Although the cucumber is pronounced by physicians to be very unhealthy, yet it is very generally cultivated; and, in fact, no kitchen garden can be complete without it. It usually sells for a good price in market, especially in the form of pickles, if these are put up as they should be. My mode of culture is to dig out good sized holes, six feet apart each way, and place about one peck of well-rotted manure in each; then fill up somewhat higher than the original surface, so that after the dirt settles it will be about level with the surrounding ground, and plant eight or ten seeds in each hill. If very dry I give them a sprinkling each evening after sunset, before they come up, as well as through the season for they are plants which require considerable moisture. I hoe often, and after danger from the striped bug is passed thin to four plants in a hill.

The striped bug, *Diabrotica vittata*, seems to be a natural enemy of the cucumber, and against him I have tried all sorts of remedies which I have seen recommended. Boxes with thin cloth tacked over the top are effectual preventives, but if one has many hills devices of this sort are expensive. The last season I kept vines free from bugs by the use of ashes and kerosene. I moistened the ashes with kerosene, and applied a handful to the center of each hill. It seemed to spread too strong an odor for them, and they beat a retreat. After commencing to bear, we look them over every day, and gather some for pickles, saving a few of the earliest and most perfect ones for seed, and when they are ripe we pick them off and place them in the sun a few days; then the seed is taken out, washed clean, dried and put in paper bags for the next spring's planting. —*Rural New Yorker.*

ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.—Place the cage so that no draught of air can strike the bird. Give nothing to healthy birds but rape and canary seed, water, cuttle-fish bone, and gravel paper or sand on the floor of the cage. No hemp seed. A bath three times a week. The room should not be overheated—never above seventy degrees. When moulting (shedding feathers) keep warm, avoid all draughts of air. Give plenty of German rape seed; a little hard-boiled egg, mixed with crackers grated fine, is excellent. Feed at a certain hour in the morning. By observing these simple rules birds may be kept in fine condition for years. For birds that are sick or have lost their song, procure bird tonic at a bird store. Very many keep birds who mean to give their pets all things to make them bright and happy, and at the same time are guilty of great cruelty in regard to perches. The perches in a cage should be each one of different size, and the smallest as large as a pipe-stem. If perches are of the right sort no trouble is ever had about the bird's toe-nails growing too long; and of all things keep the perches clean.

TO MAKE TURKISH MATS FROM BRUSSELS CARPET.—The materials necessary are tapestry Brussels and coarse wrapping twine. Cut the carpet crosswise in strips of two and a half or three inches wide, and ravel out the wool threads; be careful not to separate the clusters; set up knitting on large steel needles; take up one stitch of knitting; put one of the carpet threads on the needle, too; then put thread around needle and knit both through the one stitch; repeat this to the end of row, then knit back plain, third row same as first; knit as many and as long strips which, sewed together, will make mat of size required; then line and finish with fringe or not.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits the most glorious triumph.

A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well that the sun upon several occasions has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

Keeping up the Breed.

In a paper read at the late meeting of the Sheep Breeder's association of Michigan, upon the question "How to Keep up the Standard and Improve our Stock," the following views were presented:

How are we to keep up the standard and improve our stock? By buying only of responsible parties, not of the many speculators who talk of the purity of the stock and will sell cheap, etc. Understanding the importance of pedigree will be advantageous to every breeder. Coupling properly is the secret of success, and in order to do this we must know how animals are bred. Our improvers of stock have had an ideal in their minds to breed to wool and this has been attained by constantly breeding in a line, in some cases they may have bred to close affinity in order to produce certain types and also uniformity. This has been and may be done under proper circumstances without injury to constitution or breeding properties. We have no history of any one doing more to improve the mutton propensity of the long wools than Mr. Bakewell. Yet his success was a secret within himself and died with him.

When we follow the breeding of other kinds of stock and notice that sires from individual families, with breeding known, produce universal improvement, and a similar result is obtained from rams of Bakewell's breeding, it gives good evidence that his must have been bred similarly. All the time we should aim to produce a male bred stronger than the females to produce an even offspring; without this no flock will show improvement, and how are we to obtain our sires by both breeding and purchase?

In breeding on a small scale it will have to be done mostly by purchase, and care must be exercised to have each one bred similar to the last. If this is not done, a person might purchase one one time, another another time, of different types. To make it more plain, say a person used both a Cotswold and Leicester, or an American Merino and a French. In either case crossing back and forth would spoil the best flock in existence. Men that bought or bred males from such men as Bakewell, Webb and Hammond and made good selections could not help but improve their flocks, and at the present time the best way is to buy of reliable men, and only of those who are successful in improving their own stock.

The question may arise how to introduce fresh blood in order to keep up the vitality and constitution of our animals. The way that many of our improvers have done, and those that have been eminently successful, has been to procure a female strongly bred, and as near the desired type as possible. Secure a cross by breeding her to one of their production, and thus introduce only one half blood instead of an entire out-cross.

HOW FRANKLIN WAS CURED.—Somebody has brought out the following interesting reminiscence: When Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he had mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and, suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the porch, and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened sure!" When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the articles referred to were oysters, his father fondled him for an hour with a trunk-strap for scaring the family. Ever afterward Franklin's language was marvelously simple and explicit.

FLOWER GARDENS.—If you can in any way compass it, let the children have their flower garden. Of all the lessons to be learned in a garden the most valuable is the art of observing; for so varied, so delicate, so minute, and yet so unerring, are the operations of nature, that, though the closest study must fail to fathom her mysteries, the rewards of such study are so rich and so surprising that even the student of tender years is perpetually stimulated to fresh researches. This interest in natural objects, once awakened, will prove an inexhaustible source of pleasure. Flowers, however, form not the only study to be pursued in the garden. The sun, air, winds, rain, and dew, birds, insects, the peculiarities of soil, all may be studied from nature's ever-open but too often unheeded page.

AN ARABIC FUNERAL AT TUNIS.—Many of the sights here remind us of Bible scenes. Especially an Arabic funeral. The body is placed on a bier and covered with an India shawl, if it is a person of importance. Then it is borne to the grave, followed by 'much people" (as the Bible says). At the cemetery two men step into the grave, remove the shawl, and place the body, face downward, without any covering on it, and without any ceremony the grave is filled up and the crowd disperse. The sight of that shawl, taken from the dead body, has cured me of any desire to possess "a real camel's-hair," for I am told they are often sent to England for sale.—*Letter from Tunis.*

ROULADES OF VEAL OR BEEF.—Cut a fillet of veal or rump of beef in slices half an inch thick and four or five inches round; salt and pepper these well on both sides; cut some bacon in slips, two by three inches; chop some parsley, salt and pepper; add some lemon-peel; roll the bacon in this mixture; put a slice of the bacon on a piece of meat, roll it together, and tie with a string; flour them, have a sauce-pan, with some melted butter and some bacon; when very hot put in the rolled pieces, and brown all over; cover them with bouillon or water; add half a sliced onion and some celery, and cook slowly for an hour and a half. Serve it with boiled rice.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

A Thrifty Colony.

About midway between Beaver and Pittsburgh, on the Fort Wayne and Chicago road, the brakeman, in his usual distinct and impressive manner, announces the station, "Economy." We jumped from the cars, and, following a high, winding road, came quite unexpectedly upon a broad plateau, from which the village of Economy, entirely concealed from the railroad, just becomes visible.

The town is owned and occupied by a sect of German communists, of whom, perhaps, but little is known, beyond their immediate section. From the men, who kindly greeted us upon entering, we gathered some particulars of this singular people. They neither marry nor are given in marriage, and in order to perpetuate the society, children are adopted, invariably of of German descent.

The colony was founded by a man of the name of Rapp. They settled first in Harmony, Ohio, and, about twenty years ago, removed to their present site. Nothing can exceed the cleanliness of this village, although peculiar in its general aspect. Not even a blade of grass or obtrusive stone can be seen on its streets. The houses are built with the gable end to the street, and no mode of entrance is visible. They are covered with grapevines, which grow in a manner in keeping with the general eccentricity of the place. The vines are concealed by shrubbery until they reach the level of the second story of the houses, when they branch out most luxuriantly, and all the spaces between the windows and roof are filled with delicious grapes, from which is manufactured wine in large quantities.

Noticing a hedge of beautiful roses inclosing a handsome garden, I inquired of an old man standing near as to the owner thereof. With evident pride, he pointed out the house, hardly visible, as the residence of Miss Rapp, the daughter of the founder. She was sick, and we were thus deprived of the pleasure of seeing the interior of the house, which contains many fine paintings, the work of eminent masters. The men and women live in separate houses—the women doing most of the outdoor work.

They make and manufacture their own clothes. Their dress consists of blue home-spun, not made after the approved Paris style, but perfectly straight from top to bottom, with a string or belt at the waist, and reaching only to the ankle. Immense straw hats, also home-made, high crowned, with strings to tie them down at the sides, complete the costume, which is at least unique. The men wear broad-brimmed hats and home-spun cloth, but made after the conventional mode.

The society is governed by a council of old men, with a business manager, appointed by this council, who is held in high esteem by virtue of his office. They own an immense amount of property, in coal and iron mines and railroad stock, the Newcastle and Erie road belonging almost exclusively to them. They manufacture a large quantity of cutlery, too, which is famous for its excellence and beauty.

Mr. Baker, their former agent, has been succeeded by Mr. Henrici, a man of great executive ability, an acute and successful financier. They realize large sums from the sale of small fruits, for which they find ready market in Pittsburgh, distant about thirteen miles. They have a house of worship, but I could find out nothing distinctive as to their creed, if they have any. They have no class of men known exclusively as preachers.

As we were about leaving the village, we received an invitation to visit Miss Rapp's garden. We found in it flowers of rare beauty in great profusion. In the center is a grotto, rough in exterior, but covered with moss and luxuriant ferns. The log door opens into a room of more than ordinary size, and one is startled by the beauty of the alabaster walls, intersected by gilt panels or columns, upon which is written the history of the society from its first inception to the present time—the whole in commemoration of the founder, Mr Rapp. Statues and ornaments of various kinds and many rare objects of *vertu* also adorn it.

We saw no children. They have schools for them, however, and at a certain age, eighteen I think, they are allowed to decide as to whether they shall cast their lot with the communists, or go into the world; and this choice is final. They have no intercourse with the outside world, but receive strangers civilly and even hospitably.

Love, however, which knows nor cares for bounds, has entered even here. The community were startled a few years ago by the elopement of a young and beautiful girl, who had been fortunate enough to capture a strolling tourist. Great consternation ensued, and how the result was accomplished remains a mystery. Their manners are frank and brusque, but no allusion must be made to their eccentricities. Their numbers are decreasing, and unless the young people are denied their present liberty of choice in remaining members, or are kept in ignorance of the advanced progress of the age, the village of Economy must soon be numbered among the things that were.

ITALIAN CREAM.—One half of a cup of gelatine, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, five well-beaten eggs; soak the gelatine in cold water enough to cover it. Whip the cream to a froth and skim off into a dish which has been placed into another of ice-water. When nearly finished turn off all the cream that has gone off; whip it again. Dissolve the gelatine in about one-third of a cup of boiling water; sprinkle the sugar over the whipped cream; add vanilla, and strain in the hot gelatine. Stir carefully from the bottom until it begins to thicken. Then turn into the moulds and set away to harden. This is very handsome served with whipped cream.

Theives are not made at once. The boy who steals a penny now, may rob a bank ten years hence, and die in the penitentiary. Boys, mind that, and never take other people's things.

Whistler, the English artist, is a bankrupt.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

BRIGHT,

SPICY and

READABLE.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE

Woodland Standard,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.,

—BY—

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

THE STANDARD

Will contain all the county news of interest to the people, and will never be backward in expressing an opinion on all live subjects, which opinions will always

AIM TO BE HONEST.

THE STANDARD

Has a Large and Constantly Increasing Circulation, and is a Good Advertising Medium.

Subscription Rates:

ONE YEAR - - - - - - - - - -	$2.00
SIX MONTHS - - - - - - - - - -	1.00

Invariably in Advance.

Job Work of Every Description Neatly and Promptly Executed at the

STANDARD OFFICE,

Excelsior Block,

MAIN STREET, - - - - - - - - WOODLAND, CAL.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....JULY 5, 1879

Another Deluge Coming.

A Belgian Professor has published a work in which he says that we may be on the lookout for another deluge of the world. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says the Professor argues that at certain regularly occuring intervals the waters of one hemisphere are suddenly precipitated across the equator and flood the other. The last of these deluges, which always flow from north to south, was that of Noah's time, which was from the north. Hence, the explanation of the proponderance of water in the Southern Hemisphere, and of the general southern trend of North and South America, Africa and many minor penisulas. The next of these will flow from south to north. The cause, he argues, is the alternate increase and consequent change of the earth's equilibrium. Since 1248 the South Pole has been constantly enlarging, while the North Pole has been proportionately diminishing, to-day the diameter of the southern glacial being about 3,000 miles and that of the northern 1,500 miles. When these two glaciers shall have arrived at their maximum and minimum extensions, then will the earth tilt over and be submerged by another great extension, the fifteenth of the kind that has occurred. In view of this impending and somewhat serious probability, the question arises: If one can offer a better suggestion, would it not be advisable that each of us resolve himself into his own ark by wearing night and day one of Paul Boyton's rubber swimming costumes?

Gibraltar.

Nothing can well be more enchanting than the landing there in the early spring, or what we should rather call the late winter. The heavy rains, which in their descent among the mountains have been turning dried-up water-courses into raging torrents, and sending the newly-formed waterfalls in sparkling showers down the perched and rugged faces of the precipices, have clothed the thinest strips of soil with the most luxuriant verdure. The rows of cottages running up the Rock at impossible angles, the lines of semi-detached villas on the Cornice roads, appreciated for the most part by the Benedicts of the regiments, are covered with masses of blossoming foliage. The Alameda, with its crowd of promenaders listening to the military bands, is a blooming garden of fragrant delights. If you do not mind a certain publicity, you many breathe love-whispers in the bowers of fuchsia and myrtle. Heavy batteries, like the famous "Snake in the Grass," mask their formidable muzzles under encircling wreaths of flowers. The grim pomp and pageantry of war appears to be masquerading in the garb of peace in carnival time. And the idea of a merry masquerade is kept up by the picturesqueness of the motley groups among which you are moving.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Farther Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning in Autumn, Father Searl brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the Summer, and were having a nice time. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the scripture to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

When the Governor of Oregon telegraphed to the Secretary of War, at the beginning of the Indian outbreak, that a temporary issue of arms was necessary to enable him to protect the settlers, he received an answer as follows: "You have more than your quota of arms." The Governor, however, was equal to the emergency. He telegraphed in reply: "We have more than the quota of Indians." The required arms were at once issued.

The Senate has passed a bill giving the widow of the late General Shields a pension of $100 per month.

A doctor went out for a day's sport and complained of having killed nothing. "That's the consequence of having neglected your business," observed his wife.

He looked up very humbly, and said he was sorry to be found in such a place, but he could assure the Court that he was never in the prisoner's box before. "Never?" asked the Court, with some severity. "Look a-here, Judge," said the culprit, "name the fine, but for Heaven's sake don't spring that Pinafore gag on a fellow." *Turner's Falls Reporter.*

In some parts of the West, if we may trust the criticisms of rival newspapers, the girls have large extremities. A paper in Chicago asserted that when a St. Louis girl gets married they have to put up a derrick to throw the slippers after the bride. The terms "beetle crushers," "guffins," and "corn-planters," are applied in the most reckless manner by these liberal journalistic critics.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

One of the most successful base ball players in Milwaukee is a black dog. Right field is his best position. When the ball is struck the dog will watch it, and, with head erect, bound in the line of the ball. He is so expert at the business that he will be very often at the point where the ball strikes the ground, and, on the first or second bound after it strikes, will catch it and bring it back to the first base as soon as possible.

There is a story told of a patriotic Russian which shows how far the worship of the "powers that be" can go. He was boasting in the presence of an Englishman of the excellence of the Czar. He proved beyond a doubt that he possessed more gifts and virtues than all the other crowned heads of Europe put together. The Englishman naturally rebelled, and at last said in tones of superb sarcasm: "Well, my friend, you will at least acknowledge that the Czar is not equal to the Almighty." The Russian, unwilling to admit even that, replied evasively: "Perhaps not; but you know the Czar is young yet."—*Exchange*

A writer in the London Nature gravely relates the toughest dog story we ever heard. The home of this intellectual canine prodigy is, of course, in California:

"Priest's" is a hotel on the way from Calaveras Grove of Big Trees in the Yosemite. In former years on the arrival of the stage, the landlady would send the dog to the poultry yard to catch chickens for the tourists' dinner. Now, the dog "takes time by the forelock." The stage is due at 6 o'clock. About 5 o'clock the dog saunters leisurely down the road till he meets the stage; he then bounds back to the poultry yard, catches chickens, bites their heads off, and takes them to the cook. The number of chickens he kills bears a relation to the number of passengers he saw in the stage.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC'LEOD.

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

PARKER HOUSE,

RAILROAD ST., BET. MAIN AND RUSSELL, WINTERS.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS

At Reasonable Rates.

AT THE BAR

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST

WINES,

LIQUORS,

AND CIGARS.

SPRING AND SUMMER

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We beg to call the attention of the Trade to the Large Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Which we have just received. Consisting in part of

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

HOSIERY, ETC.

These Lines will be found complete in every respect, and qualities to suit all Classes.

OUR LINES OF

CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES,

Are filled with all the leading staples in the market.

An Inspection of our Stock will Satisfy those who want

GOOD GOODS AT LOW FIGURES.

HARLING, LOWRY CO.

Winters, Cal.

THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and Enduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and peafect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, **J. W. EVANS,**
29 Post Street, San Francisco.
Mechanic's Institute Building.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATRIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

☞All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

GREAT REDUCTION!

—IN—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

FANCY GOODS,

Etc., Etc.

The above goods will be sold for the next 60 DAYS at 25 per cent. less than they can be bought in any other place in this county.

DRESS GOODS, worth 30 and 35 cts.,....15 Cts.
" " " 50 " ....25 "
" " " 75 " ....40 "
" " " 1 00 " ....62½ "
MEN'S SUITS, worth $20,.....$12.50
" " " $25,..... 15,00

Call in before purchasing elsewhere,

Haas & Kauffman.

Winters.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

—THE—

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 50 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

ap26